PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV OF MICH.

APR 10 1947

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXIII. No. 838. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1947 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 205
THE POWER OF THE DEBTOR 207
CONSCRIPTION. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., and G. C. Wigg, M.P. 207
ANOTHER ZOLLVEREIN? By John Midgley . 208
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic 209
THIS ENGLAND 210
CHANGES IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA. By Doreen Warriner 210
STILTON AND MOUSETRAP. By C. E. M. Joad 211
ANGELA BRAZIL. By Arthur Marshall . . 212
SPRING SONG. By Reginald Reynolds . . 212
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
"The Magic Flute." By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 212
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 213
Radio Notes. By Edward Sackville West . 213
The Theatre. By A. V. Coton 214
ANTARCTIC CHANTY. By Sagittarius . . . 214
CORRESPONDENCE 214
From Hardiman Scott; J. E. Cable; Maurice Dobb; David Hopkinson; A. H. May; J. H. Higginson; Authur Koestler; and Fr. C. C. Martindale.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Humphry House Page 217
REVIEWS:
Sic Semper Tyrannis. By Noel Annan . 218
The Irish Stage. By Frank O'Connor . . 218
An Intellectual Wobble. By P. H. Newby . 218
Communist China. By John Morris . . 219
Mystics. By E. E. Kellett 220
John Citizen and the Law. By C. H. Rolph 220
Yesterday's Crusader. By John Waller . 221
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 222

PUBLIC DIFFERENCES AND SECRET AGREEMENTS

THE Big Four sit amicably enough round the Kremlin mahogany discussing the future of Europe. Their deliberations are not disturbed when Russia uses her veto against Britain and on behalf of Albania, which on this issue seems obviously in the wrong. Nor were they disturbed when at the very beginning of their deliberations Mr. Truman announced that dollars would be used in Greece and Turkey and anywhere else where they would check the expansion of Russia or the growth of Communism. As far as we know, nothing was said when Yenan, which has been the capital of the Chinese Communists for twelve years, was captured by Kuomintang troops trained and armed by America. Everyone seems to expect the Uno mission to Greece merely to divide on ideological lines with charges and counter-charges, and the American Ambassador in Warsaw resigns in order to be able more freely to denounce the Polish Government. The division of one world in two ideological camps could scarcely be sharper. But that may not prevent the Big Four finding a *modus vivendi* on some immediate issues.

If the public is perplexed that is partly because the public has never understood the basis of Big Four agreements. The publication in Washington of the secret clauses of the Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam agreements will make this rather clearer. Russia benefited most from these clauses; she exploited her bargaining position with success at a time when Churchill and Roosevelt expected to need Soviet help in the Far East. Early leakages revealed that we had agreed (very sensibly) to the separate representation on Uno of the Ukraine and Byelo-Russia, and that the U.S.S.R. was to have the Kuriles and Sakhalin. Several much more important secrets have now been disclosed. No reparations were to be demanded from Austria, which explains, though it does not justify, the Russian anxiety to remove industrial plants from Austria on the ground that they were German property. Again, the Russians have appeared singularly tough in demanding that by way of modifying the Montreux Convention they should negotiate unilaterally with the Turks. It now appears that it was agreed at Potsdam that all the Powers should negotiate separately with Turkey on the use of the Straits. To some people it will be even more surprising to learn that Britain and America agreed to the Allied use of German labour as part of reparations. We decided that, after our prisoners were safe home, the Geneva Convention should not apply.

All these were bargains of Power politics, natural preliminaries, not for Uno, but for the type of diplomacy now proceeding at Moscow. When the secret treaties are published as White Papers, we may learn from Mr. Eden and Mr. Churchill why they were parties to agreements, some of which they certainly regret to-day; and secondly, why they denied in the House of Commons that any such secret agreements were made at Yalta.

America and Korea

The announcement by Dean Acheson that Southern Korea is to receive U.S. financial aid is another failure to reconcile Soviet and American policies on the strategic periphery of the U.S.S.R. It will certainly consolidate the impracticable division of Korea by which the Russians control the industrial North and the Americans the agricultural South. The Cairo Declaration in 1943 asserted the intention of the United Nations to give her freedom and independence after nearly 40 years of Japanese occupation. But the Moscow Conference in December, 1945, changed this decision and stated that for five years the people of Korea were to be placed under the trusteeship of the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R., China and Great Britain. It was also arranged that the representatives of the Commanders of the Soviet and American forces of occupation were to form a joint Soviet-American Commission whose responsibility it would be to establish a provisional government of Koreans drawn from all Korean democratic parties. This Commission failed to find any agreement, the Russians insisting that only those Koreans who had supported the principle of trusteeship should be eligible. Since, on the eve of liberation, independence had been the slogan of all Koreans, including the Communists, and since trusteeship except to the Communists therefore seemed merely compromise forced on them by the Moscow Conference, this restriction on candidature for a Korean government created difficulties. The discussions in Seoul broke down and the Russians and Americans returned to build up their own different regimes north and south of the 38th parallel. The resulting patterns are very like those which have developed in the Eastern and Western Zones of Germany. In the North, exiled Communists are in control; in the South, exiled Koreans who had been sponsored and subsidised by Americans and Chinese. The difficulties in Moscow of agreement on a united Germany will have their Korean counterpart in a Far Eastern Peace Conference. Dean Acheson's statement prejudges the issue before the Conference is even announced.

Truman and the Liberals

There is no sign of effective opposition in America to the Truman policy of all-out aid to anti-Communist Powers. Henry Wallace's denunciation of it as an "utterly futile attempt . . . to police Russia's every border" has not been followed by the majority of liberals, who are, however, most gravely concerned that the United Nations was never consulted or even informed of the American intentions. The official Administration reply is that Uno is not yet able to take over such responsibilities, but if the U.S. can create peace Uno will be allowed to safeguard it. The introduction of the necessary Bills to give effect to the President's message has given Congress an opportunity to examine the Administration's foreign policy in the greatest detail. The general drift of the questioning is: how much will it all cost; is the United States merely helping maintain the British Empire; will it be effective in stopping Russia? The Administration's line is to stress the menace of Russia and point out that this tough policy alone is effectively

anti-Russian. This, it is hoped, will stop any grumbling at the cost in increased armed forces and loans abroad. There will be plenty of debate, but the Bills will go through. The President made sure of that by making his request when Marshall was in Moscow, so that the pressure to strengthen the Secretary's hand could not be ignored. Also the American people know that Russia cannot fight them now, and they hope that this firm policy may prevent future war, just as, it is argued, support of Roosevelt's "quarantine" speech in 1937 might have prevented war with Germany.

A Communist Crisis

The French Communist Party found an unexpected solution to the Cabinet crisis provoked by its refusal, as a Party, to vote credits for the campaign in Indo-China. The Communist leaders realised that the Right was seeking to exclude them from the Cabinet and to use this issue as a means of driving them into an isolated "unpatriotic" position. After a protracted debate within their own Party, the Communists decided to permit their Ministers to support the credit as a matter of Cabinet solidarity, but to abstain from voting as a matter of Party policy. Though this decision has temporarily saved the Ramadier Coalition, it cannot satisfy either the Right—which has been encouraged to pursue its anti-Communist campaign by Mr. Truman's speech—or the Communists, who must realise that they have only shelved their dilemma. As advocates of national liberation, it is impossible for them to endorse the war in Indo-China. At the same time they desire to maintain the Coalition. They could have stimulated more drastic action against the Indo-Chinese war—an embargo by the dock workers, for instance—but they are well aware of the critical internal situation of France, are carrying out their promise to increase production, and are determined to maintain their leaders in the Cabinet.

The West and Hungary

The second Note from the United States to Russia on Hungary dealt partly with matters which reflect the attitude of the Soviet authorities towards certain Hungarian political groups, and partly with the attitude of the Hungarian political groups towards one another. The arrest by the Soviet authorities of Bela Kovacs, former Secretary to the Smallholders' Party, belongs to the former category. The Russians, as an occupying Power, can claim the right to arrest somebody who has plotted against their Army, and it is on this charge that the arrest has taken place. Nevertheless, as it coincided with a struggle between the Hungarian parties about the Parliamentary privileges of Bela Kovacs, it suggested Russian interference with Hungarian internal affairs which would justify the American demand that the three Powers represented on the Allied Control Commission in Budapest should investigate the case by "concerted action." But other parts of the American Note reveal a partisanship in Hungarian affairs which evokes some doubts about the American intentions to protect Hungarian democracy. "It seems clear to the United States Government," the Note says, "that the minority groups under the leadership of the Hungarian Communist Party are attempting to seize power through resorting to extra-constitutional tactics." There is no attempt, in the American Note, to substantiate this very grave charge against the "minority groups" which represent roughly 40 per cent. of the Hungarian electorate. The fact, moreover, that this Note should have been sent and published at a moment when an arrangement had just been made between the Smallholders and the Left to continue the Coalition Government is likely to encourage once again those Hungarians who, as the trial of the conspirators revealed, never tire of hoping for the support of the West in their counter-revolutionary activities. The text of the second British Note, which also followed the second American Note, has not, so far been disclosed. But the present campaign seems more and more to be directed not against particular actions but against the achievements of the new Hungary as a whole.

The Coal Target

The National Coal Board is said to have reached the conclusion that if the miners wish to be set free from the Control of Engagements Order, which prevents any man under fifty from leaving the pits—though not from changing his job—the Order had better go. At the same time the Trades Union Congress General Council is said to have rejected as too low the Government's coal target of 200 million tons for 1947, and to have proposed 220 million tons instead, with a future target of 250 million. The long-run objective of at least 250 million tons is undoubtedly right; for it is sheer nonsense to suppose that Great Britain can balance its international accounts without a considerable export trade in coal. As for 1947, clearly 200 million tons is all too little, and we ought to aim at getting every ton that can possibly be secured. The abolition of the restriction on miners leaving their jobs may seem a curious way of going about this; but the Order is undoubtedly resented, and with the five-day week coming in the spring everything will depend on the spirit in which the miners set to work under the new conditions. The five-day week *can* mean more output and not less, if that is what the rank and file miners—and not merely their leaders—decide to make it mean; and with recruitment now running fairly well and exceeding losses by death and retirement, the complete freeing of the industry might result in more and not fewer workers. All this is, of course, highly speculative; but the rock-bottom fact is that, in the short run, the amount of coal we can get depends almost entirely on how the miners feel about it.

Wages and Living Costs

The financial experts and the City Editors are now in full cry on the anti-inflation issue, and are pressing hard for a reduction in food subsidies as a necessary step towards restoring the balance between supplies and purchasing power. A good many of them are making use of the argument that wage-rates have risen, on the average, by over 60 per cent whereas the cost of living is up by less than 30 per cent over the level of 1939. This week's report from a special committee admits that, as everyone knows, the official cost-of-living index figure has for a long time past quite ceased to give even an approximately correct picture. It is kept down because subsidised commodities play a very large part in its composition; when the elements that are not represented in it, or are but lightly represented, are taken into account, living costs are obviously a great deal higher than the present index makes them out to be. The committee proposes the immediate introduction of a new interim index based on the family budget enquiries held before the war. This is obviously a better basis, as it gives food a weight of only 40 per cent instead of 60 per cent in the total cost of living. It is, however, apparently proposed to start the new index at 100 without any attempt to link it to the cost of living in 1939. It will thus not be usable at all as a measure of relative wage and price movements between 1939 and now, and the Government's obligation to keep the cost of living stable would have either to be allowed to lapse or to be applied to the new index from the date of its introduction. Some people no doubt hope that it will be allowed to lapse, and that the way will thus be opened to cutting the subsidies. This may, indeed, be the main motive behind the proposed change; it would be clearly out of the question to cut the subsidies without provoking a revival of wage movements; and if such movements were once started, it would be quite impossible to leave matters to be settled by the methods of sectional bargaining on which the Governments and the trade unions have hitherto relied. The subsidies could be cut down only to the accompaniment of a general treaty with labour, which would have to embody a national wage policy and to make special provision for adjusting wage-rates to the revised measure of living costs as well as to the requirements of the manpower situation in the various industries.

The Cotton Workers Agree

The cotton operators agreed at their conference last week-end to accept the Government's proposal to adopt shift working as part of the general plan of re-organisation based on last year's Working Party report. This acceptance was qualified by the condition that shift working should come in only as a sequel to the proposed grouping and re-equipment of the mills; and the United Textile Factory Workers' Association explicitly rejected the alternative notion of "re-deployment" of labour on old machinery, for which some firms have been pressing. Ever since Sir Stafford Cripps outlined the Government's proposals a section of the industry has been trying to get them watered down so as to make public help available for firms which agree to grouping even without real re-equipment; and the trade unions' condition is meant to bar the way to this concession by making it plain that they will revise their rules and accept modifications of factory law only when effective steps are taken to put the mills into a thoroughly efficient condition. The Unions are thus standing, not for the preservation of their old rules and customs, but for the thorough modernisation without which there is no hope of the British export trade in cotton goods being successfully re-built. Greatly as the cotton industry has fallen from its historic position as the leading provider of British goods for export, and little as is the prospect of re-gaining the bulk trade in cheap price-goods sent to the Far East, cotton goods still occupy a key place in our export structure, and every possible effort needs to be made to re-build the trade in the higher qualities, especially in empire markets.

Inefficient Brickmaking

The critical shortage of bricks for domestic and industrial building has been partly met by drafting soldiers and war prisoners into the industry. But this is a short-term expedient designed to prevent an immediate breakdown in brick supplies. Brickmaking remains an unpleasant, unpopular and undermanned occupation. If the suggestions made in the recent report on amenities in brickyards are carried out with dispatch, the physical conditions of work might—provided suitable wage inducements are offered—begin to attract a steady flow of recruits. But the new official report on the industry's labour requirements makes it clear that inefficiency and technical backwardness are at the root of the trouble. Given adequate mechanisation and reorganised layouts, it is expertly estimated that the pre-war output could be maintained with a labour force of between 6,000 and 15,000 less than in 1939. Alternatively, the pre-war labour force of 53,000 could produce three bricks for every two produced in 1939. The report reveals that 70 per cent. of the works in Britain (producing between them 35 per cent. of the total output) rely entirely on manual methods for claygetting. The report recognises that mechanisation might be difficult in obsolete works, but urges that individual firms should consider how far specific processes might be made more efficient, even if overall reorganisation is out of the question. Obviously, the speed and extent of technical improvements must depend upon the availability of the necessary machines and the finance to install them. But an efficient brick industry should have a high priority.

PARLIAMENT: The Grand Inquiry

Wednesday.

MONDAY'S debate on the export trade was the last act of the grand inquiry into the economic crisis. Once again Sir Stafford Cripps testified and dominated the proceedings by his moral authority. If faith could move political mountains, he would save some American souls at Geneva. But the House seems to be growing a little sceptical about the efficacy of political Buchananism. Back-bench critics were far more outspoken than on previous days. Lord Hinchinbrooke boldly advocated the reconstruction of Britain by American finance capital. Christopher Hollis argued that America would be well advised to save the British Empire—and with it Imperial Preference. From the Labour side, Stanley Evans bluffly voiced the demand for an explanation, intelligible to ordinary people, of the crisis ahead. Only Mr. Richard Adams had the complacency to assert that what we shall face when the dollars run out is not a crisis, but merely "a reduced standard of living." Even such loyalists as Gordon Walker murmured criticisms of the Government's failure to be tough and this-worldly. The most constructive speeches came from Kenneth Younger on the need for international planning to make British Socialism effective and from Maurice Edelman, who discussed economic co-operation with France and Russia. After this quiet but unusually stimulating debate, Harold Wilson's reply showed few traces of "guidance," either human or divine.

The contrast between the candour of the debate on exports and the unreality of the previous discussions on the White Paper was remarkable. Socialist back-benchers, for obvious reasons, had felt themselves inhibited from analysing the domestic crisis or proposing the drastic remedies required. Few of those competent to do so even tried to speak. Of the trade unionists, only Jack Jones for the steel workers and Fred Lee for the engineers, dared to tackle the central issue of incentives. On the other hand, during the last ten days, the Government's defence policy has been subjected to outspoken and constructive criticism by trade unionists and intellectuals alike. The criticism has been answered with evasive platitudes. The demand for drastic reduction of the Armed Forces is all the more popular because it can be urged as a means of solving the man-power crisis which does not encroach on the embarrassing central issue which still divides the Labour Movement into a political and an industrial wing.

This series of debates has at last elicited a more or less coherent Tory policy. The Tories want retrenchment and deflation at home. A pool of unemployed and reduced working-class purchasing power would, in their view, restore the time-honoured incentive to work. Judging from Question Time, they welcome Mr. Truman's message to Congress, and they hope that America will finance British recovery as a part of the collective security system against Communism. Their brigadiers still believe, in defiance of geography, in the strategic unity of the British Empire, and their economists, in defiance of statistics, in its economic self-sufficiency under a system of Imperial Preference. No! They have not learnt much.

Meanwhile, the macabre business of the West African death sentences still drags on. On Monday night, after the news of the three executions had been received, Sidney Silverman tried to raise it again on the Consolidated Fund. He was supported by the legal galaxy on both sides of the House and succeeded in keeping his point of order going for what must be, even for him, a record time. But the Speaker had had time to master the constitutional complexities and was patiently firm in ruling the matter out of order. A debate might have provided an occasion for a display of virtuosity and for divided passions inside the Chamber: it could only have undermined still further respect for British justice in West Africa. Mr. Churchill was distinguished by his absence. His was the original sin of commission: the sin of omission was shared equally by Mr. Stanley, who should have pulled him down by the coat-tails and Mr. Creech Jones, who should have weathered the storm. On this occasion the Colonial Secretary was wisely mum.

PHINEAS

THE POWER OF THE DEBTOR

AT Geneva, two weeks from now, Britain will for the first time attend a major international trade conference as a poor, though senior and still respected, relation. Formerly a great creditor nation, we were schooled to accept this new and embarrassing role during the negotiations for the American Loan; we graduated in the protracted discussions for an economic settlement with Argentina. Now, under pressure from the United States and other countries, we shall be asked at Geneva to give up our attachment to Imperial Preferences, the cherished armour of a prodigal and gilded youth. In return, we may be offered a commensurate reduction in tariffs by America and other nations which, in spite of their own tariff walls, regard Empire Preference as a sinister British device to deny them access to expanding markets and valuable sources of primary products.

Sir Stafford Cripps rightly insisted in the House of Commons last Monday that we had no option but to take part in the Geneva conference. Like other countries which are not self-sufficient, Britain has a vital interest in the rapid expansion of world trade. The expansion of our exports to a level of seventy-five per cent above pre-war —and even this minimum target presupposes that these exports are properly balanced between "hard" and "soft" currency areas—is possible only if the volume of international trade is radically increased and if Britain can secure an even larger proportion of that total volume than in 1939. The Geneva conference is conceived as a first step towards the foundation of a world trade organisation and towards a general relaxation of restrictions. But the larger and original aim of reaching an international agreement on tariffs and preferences has had to be shelved for the moment in favour of a series of bilateral negotiations about the rate to be charged on particular commodities. This means that, at most, little more will come out of Geneva than a number of sharp bargains, the details of which Sir Stafford Cripps naturally could not forecast in Parliament this week. All he could promise was to surrender nothing without an adequate concession in return.

To refuse on principle to surrender Empire Preferences would be a direct violation of the pledges given to the United States at the time of the Loan agreement. It would also disrupt the whole attempt to secure tariff reductions. Britain will therefore have to give way on some points of preference. Even so, agreements reached at Geneva will only be effective if the Republicans are prepared to amend their own traditional tariff policy, and if the American representatives can offer assurances that any concessions made by them at Geneva will not afterwards be invalidated by the operation of the new "escape clause" or cancelled as soon as the President's emergency powers come to an end.

All this, however, skirts the fringe of the real problem. Under strong American pressure, Britain and her associates in debtor-dom are being pushed steadily towards an early return to free multilateral trading, a system of which the International Bank, the Monetary Fund and the Trade Organisation are intended to be the pillars. Indeed, Britain is virtually committed to this system already by the terms of the Loan. Such agreements as may be reached at Geneva may, in themselves, help to grease the rusty machinery of world trade. But it is a different matter if they are viewed—as they certainly are viewed across the Atlantic—as yet one more sign that Britain is either unwilling or unable to resist a premature return to that unrestricted trade which Americans believe is the road to prosperity and which, for Britain, may well be the road to economic serfdom and perhaps ruin.

Britain is now the world's debtor. But this unenviable position is by no means as weak as it may sometimes appear. As Britain herself has often found in the past, the voice of an important debtor commands attention. The American Administration is well aware that its mortgage on Britain cannot easily be foreclosed for, in the last resort, the United States cannot afford our total bankruptcy or be sure of inheriting our remaining assets. We are still the world's greatest single market.

If the price of retaining a fair, if no longer dominant, position in Empire markets is the frank repudiation of the trade conditions of the Loan—or at least their temporary suspension—we are still strong enough to explain to the Americans our reasons and act on them. If the United States pushes us too hard, we must state politely but firmly, that we cannot find the dollars for U.S. films or tobacco and that we must make State-trading and bulk-purchase an indispensable method of balancing our international accounts. We cannot abandon them for a gamble on the uncertain expansion of world trade.

Finally, bilateral agreements outside the framework of the Geneva talks and in violation of the Loan conditions, however much they offend American susceptibilities, may prove to be the only method of extending our trade with countries which are, like ourselves, unable or reluctant to accept the American doctrine of multi-trade as a gospel of economic salvation. Such agreements are probably the sole means of creating a healthy trade with the countries of both West and Eastern Europe: they are undoubtedly required in our relations with Argentina, India and the Middle East. Britain is still hampered by the psychology of a creditor; as a debtor we could still regain the initiative.

CONSCRIPTION

THE Liberal Party and a considerable group of Labour back-benchers have already announced their determination to oppose the National Service Bill. Their motives are very various. The out-and-out pacifists, who, despite the experience between the two Wars, still advocate unilateral disarmament, are probably the most numerous but not the most influential opponents of conscription. They are respected, but the country and the Labour Movement are both overwhelmingly against them. Politically more important is the small group led by Mr. Zilliacus which maintains that foreign policy and defence are inextricably interwoven. Since it opposes Mr. Bevin in the Foreign Office, it argues that it must also, logically, oppose the provision of the armed forces necessary to carry out his policy abroad.

The Labour Party maintained this line of argument throughout the 1930s. It opposed the arms estimates, and even the Conscription Bill in 1939; but it did so, not on pacifist grounds, but as a form of protest against a policy of appeasement. The tactic was of dubious value even when Labour was in opposition to the Chamberlain Government. It is irresponsible when Labour is in office. We agree in deploring the demands on man-power made by our present foreign policy, but we suggest that if back-bench criticism succeeds in reshaping this policy and in drastically reducing our commitments in the Levant and Middle East, the Government would still require armed forces which could not be raised without conscription. For this reason, if for no other, the issues of foreign policy and of defence should not be confused. The case for and against conscription should be argued on its merits.

This brings us to the third group in the opposition. They argue that we cannot afford to maintain huge armed forces when the man-power is needed at home. So far we entirely agree with them. But they then proceed to maintain, on technical grounds, that conscription is unnecessary and that adequate armed forces

could be maintained by stimulating voluntary recruitment for a professional army. This is an attractive argument, but what are the facts?

It is perfectly true that adequate recruitment for the Navy and Air Force, which we shall require in peacetime, could probably be achieved on a voluntary basis, though for some years to come it would be inadequate to fill the gaps. But it might not be impossible, by 1950, to replace the relatively small conscript element by long-service men. In the Navy, for instance, which, according to the Defence White Paper, will total in March, 1948, 182,000 men, no fewer than 140,000 have peacetime engagements. Voluntary recruitment for the R.A.F. is also not unsatisfactory. The situation of the Army is very different. Out of the 590,000 men, which is the 1948 target, so far only 129,000 Regulars have been recruited. The difference must be made up either by conscription or by a vast increase of the rate of voluntary recruitment.

But so far the best recruiting figures for the Army—and they were maintained only over a very short period—show an average of 2,649 a month. This is not even sufficient to make up for wastage from the present regular Force, which numbers 129,000. To maintain an Army of 590,000 next March, conscription is unquestionably necessary.

But this figure is, we agree, far too high. We have argued the case for a drastic reduction of the Armed Forces: indeed Major Wyatt suggested recently in these columns that 250,000 men should be demobbed before March, 1948, from the Army, Navy and Air Force. Let us assume an even more drastic rate of reduction which will bring the Army from its present level to a figure of 375,000 by March, 1949. This will involve a reduction of 215,000 men. This drastically reduced total can only just be attained under the terms of the National Service Bill. It can be roughly estimated that the Army will receive from each annual call-up some 150,000 men. By making them serve for eighteen months the annual increment is increased to 225,000. If recruiting can be considerably stepped up for the Regular Army, it should be possible to achieve a figure of 150,000 men. Thus the total Army, including conscripts and Regulars, would be 375,000 men.

Mr. Bellenger and Lord Pakenham have both suggested that ultimately the Regular Army should number 250,000. But even to achieve this figure it will be necessary to double the rate of voluntary recruitment which was achieved in the most favourable months of last year.

This is an impossible target, indeed they would do well to achieve and maintain a Regular Force of 150,000. This means that, with 150,000 conscripts, serving for 12 months, a peacetime army of 300,000 men—the most we can afford—is just possible. The eighteen-month conscription period can be accepted only as a temporary expedient.

The critics will argue, no doubt, that the proper course is to make the Army so attractive that it could be composed wholly of Regular volunteers. What is needed, they say, is a compact efficient professional Army, like the Reichswehr in Germany after World War I. This is a very dangerous line of thought. Our major objective in the next five years must be to encourage the flow of manpower into the coal mines and other essential industries. These are the occupations which the Government must make attractive. Yet to maintain an Army of 300,000 men without conscription we should have to make service in it more attractive than in any other trade, and persuade the cream of our youth to make soldiering a whole-time profession. The soldier, not the miner, would be the commando of Socialist Britain. This would be militarism with a vengeance.

It is not fully realised that, until the Militia Bill of 1939, unemployment was the real recruiting sergeant for the British Army. But even though unemployment never dropped below a million between the wars, it failed to maintain a Regular Army of 200,000 men. Moreover, the British Army at this time could always be reinforced by Indian troops, and these will no longer be available in the future. In order to avoid conscription, therefore, we should have to rely on Polish mercenaries and on Colonial armies used as the French have used them in the past. Is that really a palatable alternative to National Service?

The unpleasant fact is that, if we are to have a British Army at all, under a Labour Government pledged to a policy of full employment, we have got to accept the principle of National Service. In doing so, we only assume the burden which every nation in Europe has borne for many years, including peaceful Switzerland and Sweden. For a hundred years we sat on our island fortress, defended by the Navy, and expected European conscript armies to take it on the chin while we mobilised at leisure. Now the atom and the rocket have made us Europeans.

If a Socialist Government in Britain were to repudiate conscription, it would forfeit the confidence of France and of every country in Europe. We have criticised Mr. Bevin very sharply for his American alignment and have argued that we should base our foreign policy on the Anglo-French alliance and our Defence policy on a European regional security system under the United Nations. Many of those now opposing conscription have urged a similar case. But it is sheer blindness to suggest that the Anglo-French alliance can have any reality if Britain once again repudiates her military responsibility and condemns as undemocratic the system of National Service which is an essential part of the tradition of European democracy. Conscription today is not only a statistically proven necessity for the maintenance of any British Army; it is a political necessity for a Socialist Britain conscious of its duty to Europe.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN
G. C. WIGG

ANOTHER ZOLLVEREIN?

WHILE the economic unity of Germany has everybody's lip-service nowadays, its political opposite, *Kleinstaaterei*, has still plenty of advocates in the West. This is odd, because political and economic unity are not unconnected. Moscow is bound to see the opening of a debate on the future political structure of Germany which may turn out to be prolonged and bitter, and in which the Germans themselves will sooner or later intervene. Before the Western Allies commit themselves too far to ideas of security by fragmentation, it is worth while to consider whether they will be able or willing to maintain those ideas in the long run. In particular, can political division and economic unity exist together, or will one of them necessarily destroy the other?

There is no reason to doubt that the British and American demand for the economic unity of Germany is, in general, sincere. The alternative—piecemeal reparations and piecemeal administration of trade and industry—has shown itself too costly in pounds and dollars. From this point of view the fusion of the British and American Zones is a money-saving scheme, and in principle the farther it can be extended the more money ought to be saved. (In practice, the calculation will only work if reparations and the Soviet exploitation of Eastern Germany can be kept within bounds; that is why the economic part of the discussions at Moscow have been far from plain sailing.) On a longer-term view, it is pretty generally accepted now that failure to achieve economic unity will render certain the "permanent depressed area in the centre of Europe" which nobody wants. Even M. Bidault has now subscribed to that opinion, though no doubt with reluctance; and the Dutch, while they insist on a very far-reaching decentralisation both of political power and of the ownership of German industry, admit that central agencies will have to exercise the economic functions of government. Both in the short term and in the long, the decisive fact is the same: without internal free trade and central planning, German economy will be too inefficient to be anything but a nuisance.

There is, of course, a conflict of motives, and all the plans for Germany which the interested Allied countries have put forward so far betray the conflict in one way or another. Germany, they say, must be efficient enough not to be a nuisance, but not so efficient as to be a menace. When they come to the question of political structure the second motive prevails (among the Western countries at least), and a weak constitution is put forward as a security measure. France, the United States, Holland, Denmark and Britain (not to mention South Africa and New Zealand) have argued along these lines, though some have taken the argument further than others. British policy on the constitution of Germany is vague since it passed from the hands of the Control Office into those of the Foreign Office, but it avowedly seeks security by decentralisation of government, with the central authority holding its powers by delegation from the States.

Compare an Eastern European and a Western European approach to the same question. The French Government, in the proposals for a German Federation which it put out in January, sought

> to reconcile a certain economic centralisation with a political decentralisation which would give Germany a more stable equilibrium.

There would, it proposed, be no elected all-German Parliament, but instead a Chamber composed of four nominees of each State Government. The Federal Ministry of Economics would be run not by a single Minister but by a committee of the Ministers of Economics of each State. The French recognise that the principles of economic unity and political division are in conflict, and their scheme leaves in no doubt their view that political division must prevail.

In contrast, the Czechoslovak memorandum to the Foreign Ministers' Deputies said:

> The preponderant majority of the German people is so pan-German in its way of thinking that the possibility of reviving sincere regionalism is doubtful. . . . With the renewal of German economic unity it must be assumed that as soon as the occupation of Germany is ended she will rapidly reunite.

It added that an illusory federalism would create in the meantime a fool's paradise outside Germany and an aggressive national reaction among the Germans themselves.

There is danger in ignoring good sense simply because it comes from the East. What the Czechs say (and it is also roughly what the Russians and Poles say on this point) seems to me sensible and realistic. The question is not, of course, whether we are going to encourage Local Government, regional initiative, and worthy things of that sort. It is whether we are going to withhold sovereignty from the German people and split it up among the Thuringians, the Württembergers, the Lower Saxons, the Greater Hessians, and so on. How are we to do this if the Thuringians and Hessians do not want any such thing, but insist on calling themselves Germans? And how are we conceivably to do it if the pressure of economic facts demands central control of trade, industry, agriculture, materials, production, manpower, investment?

Need it be said that the economic functions of government mean more now than they meant a hundred years ago? Yet if we go back to the Zollverein—the nearest parallel to today's dream of an economically unified German Confederation—there is very little comfort to be got. It is fair to say that the political map of Germany after the Congress of Vienna forced the Zollverein not only on the small States which broke up Prussian territory, but also on Prussia herself. Prussia needed a Customs union to maintain any sort of sensible trading existence for her scattered territories; the small neighbours, if they wanted to earn a living, could not afford to stay out. Spectators (Metternich was one) were slow to see that this sensible economic arrangement would have political consequences. Austria, the official head of the German Confederation, began

by ignoring the Zollverein, tried rather late to resist it, and lost the game when she finally failed to get it extended to include herself. Political leadership, in the long run, followed economic power.

Yet the Zollverein was a customs union, little more. Economic unity today embraces much more, above all in Germany where destruction, disorganisation, the severance of foreign connections and the truncation of once mighty cartels have gone so far. It means unity of economic planning and control: bulk buying, rationing, central allocation of materials, price-fixing, transport priorities, licences for factories to operate, control of manpower and of credit. Where everything is scarce, nothing is free, and practically speaking no important industrial material is free from control (a good deal of it is bought and sold on the quiet, but that is another story). It will be salutary to consider what economic unity means—and what, by its side, federalism can mean. The agencies which the British and Americans have set up at Minden and elsewhere to run the economic life of the Anglo-American area have been working just long enough to reveal the developing conflict.

In carrying out the economic fusion of their Zones, the British and Americans have had in mind from the start the reproaches which were certain to come from Mr. Molotov. They have been careful, therefore, to avoid any appearance of political fusion, at any rate until the Moscow Conference has shown whether four-Power agreement is on the cards. They have been careful, too, that economic fusion should not encroach on the separate powers of the Länder.

British Military Government reserved from the outset certain powers to the central government (that is, to itself, represented for this purpose by the Germans working the economic office), and these powers make an imposing list. General Clay, on the other hand, assured the Länderrat (Council of States) in the American Zone that

> Military Government will not permit the bi-Zonal agencies to assume State responsibilities and will insist that the responsibility for the execution of bi-Zonal policies remains with State Government.

The Germans at Minden who have been told to plan and direct the economic recovery of the Anglo-American area are uncertain how much notice the Länder will take of their plans. Their safeguard—but this is not only a safeguard, it is also another cross they have to bear—is in the fact that the Minden offices are under the direction of a committee, and the committee consists of the Ministers of Economics of the Länder of both Zones. It happens that all these Ministers are members of the same party (they are Social Democrats) and have chosen their own chairman in the Social Democrat economist Agartz; so that if it is possible for such a committee to be united, the present one should be. It has appeared already that its members are powerfully torn between general interest and Land interest.

To give examples of what can happen: if Minden allocates raw materials for, say, textiles or building, it must allocate them not to the actual producer but to the Land. The Government of the Land can, and I daresay generally will, use them as Minden intended; but it can also, and quite constitutionally, decide to use them in some other way. Or again: exports from the combined Anglo-American area are planned, directed, and licensed from Minden. But if a German has goods which he wants to export, he must put up his proposal not to Minden but to the Ministry of Economics of his Land—which may send the proposal on to the Bi-Zonal Economic Administration, but may also decide, once the existence of the exportable goods has been brought to its notice, that it wants to keep them at home.

Oddly enough, the same sort of dualism is visible within the Control Commission itself, and for much the same reason. Of course, this does not matter so much, for the British do not suffer to the same extent as the Germans from the urge to get things defined. About the time (at the end of last year) that the small British and American control group was being set up at Minden to supervise the bi-Zonal economic office, it became apparent that the Regional Commissioner in each Land still had emergency powers which could override—in his area—anything done or said at Minden. The planners could plan production, imports, exports, what they would, but the Regional Commissioner could act independently with his Regional Economic Officer (formerly an officer of Trade and Industry Division, but now detached and made the Commissioner's personal adviser) to advise him. A case occurred in Lower Saxony just before Christmas: faced with an electric power crisis, the Commissioner at Hanover decided to cut off power to industrial users. Naturally this affected the production programme which was being directed from Minden; among other things, it stopped the salt mines which were producing for export. The planners did not hear about it until after it had happened.

One need not dissect an unformed political body too closely; it is enough to say that in Western Germany the tug-of-war between regional power and central power has already begun, and that nobody knows who is going to be master. Political and economic powers cannot be treated as unrelated things, to be pressed into unrelated patterns as it seems convenient; they cut across each other at too many points. In too many ways, indeed, they are the same thing. Perhaps the Allies will see the wisdom of not imposing any compulsory political structure on the Germans. Since such a structure would have to be maintained by the threat of force, I cannot see what good it would do: the threat of force could more profitably be reserved for issues which justify it. If we do insist on *Kleinstaaterei*, then the forces will pull against each other and something will have to give; in the outcome Germany will be either economically disrupted or politically united. We might, of course, get first the one and then the other, disintegration followed by reaction—and there, perhaps, if the German danger is to appear again, is where it will appear.

JOHN MIDGLEY.

A LONDON DIARY

I HAVE discovered what it is like to be editor of a German paper licensed to appear in the British Zone, and why it is that Germans regard everything that appears in their papers as so much propaganda. A fortnight ago the editor of this journal was asked by the Control Commission to write an article on the Moscow Conference for the German Socialist paper in Berlin *Der Telegraf*. He was reminded that it is a good Socialist paper, and it was suggested that though of course he could say what he liked, it would be no bad thing to warn the Germans not to expect too much from Moscow. He wrote the article as objectively as possible, explaining that at best we could hope for some hard bargaining followed by agreements based on mutual interest; and later, as a result of further news, he made it even more pessimistic. He was then told that the Control Commission in Berlin had raised objections to the article on the ground that it infringed the rule that nothing may be published in licensed German papers likely to "spread rumours aimed at disrupting unity amongst the Allies or which caused distrust and a hostile attitude on the part of the German people towards any of the Occupying Powers." It was unfair, it was said, for the British to offer to *Der Telegraf* articles which might afterwards be held to infringe the regulations under which they worked. Inquiry showed that the sentences held objectionable included, not expressions of opinion but statements of fact about Truman's latest policy decision in Greece and Turkey, and references to Lippmann's views on American foreign policy. Now, since news of world events is not withheld from the German press, two questions seem to arise. First, why anyone should be asked to attempt the impossible feat of writing an article on the Moscow Conference which does not discuss dissensions among the Allies. If the Germans are not to expect too much from Moscow, that presumably is because the Allies do not agree. Secondly, how can German editors make any useful comment if they cannot discuss the principal news items of the day?

* * *

In the queue at the greengrocers', the debate still goes on about price control of vegetables and fruit. Some housewives have given up the attempt to find fresh vegetables on a limited budget and have turned to canned carrots and dehydrated potatoes. Others, more fortunate, are able to get deep-frozen vegetables. Only those with long purses are buying fresh cabbages or imported cauliflowers at ludicrous prices. Into the same baskets go South African plums at 4*s.* a pound, grapes, dates, and pineapples. Most housewives are able to realise that snow and flood have cut down supplies of essential vegetables, but cannot understand why there is no price-control. There are two problems and two Ministers involved. Sir Stafford Cripps explained last Monday that many of these luxury imports were "conditional sales." Nations are inclined to behave like greengrocers and refuse to sell you something cheap you want unless you also buy something expensive which you could do without. This seems an adequate defence for importing luxury foodstuffs which the Minister of Food would never order on his own account. As to the price, John Strachey argues that control would merely drive the pineapples and cauliflowers under the counter. Ethically he may be right, but politically he might be wiser to permit the disappearance of goods that, displayed in the shop-window, are an exasperation to the working-class housewife.

* * *

The story has often been told of how Winston Churchill as Home Secretary went to see Galsworthy's *Justice* when it first appeared and was so moved that he abolished the long period of solitary confinement which used to be the lot of every prisoner at the beginning of his sentence. If I were Home Secretary to-day I think that Mr. Home's *Now Barabbas* might make me in a hurry to abolish capital punishment. This play, unlike *Justice*, is written from the inside of prison; its content is the personal relationship between prisoners and between prisoners and warders, and the incidental case it makes against hanging is strengthened by the psychological effect a capital sentence has on everyone from the Governor down to the least desirable prisoner. Mr. Home is to be congratulated on a very powerful and real piece of work. It may bring home to many people that prison is a strange kind of twisted society, full of extraordinary emotional tensions. One spectator, the night I was at the play, who had himself served a long prison sentence, remarked to me that the defect of Mr. Home's method was that one only saw the prisoners in their communal room; most people would not realise that they had all spent long hours entirely alone, locked in their cells.

* * *

The need for school-books which the children of different nations could share is an old story and I have been disappointed that Unesco seems to make no very obvious progress in this direction. In the meantime I am impressed—and I gather that Unesco is too—with a pioneering effort to produce an international journal for young people between ten and sixteen. The idea of *Junior* is to provide the basis for common ideas between children of many nations by publishing a journal in all the principal languages. So far, nine monthly issues have been produced in French and seven in Italian; a German edition (published in Zurich) has been accepted by the French for distribution in their Zone; Danish, Hungarian and Empire editions are on the way. The British issue in front of me is very well got up,

beautifully illustrated and contains excellent magazine features as well as good stories and articles by well-known writers.

* * *

"The succession of bullets which you fired into your stepfather," said one of H.M. Judges the other day to a man convicted of manslaughter, "indicates to me that this is a case of some gravity." As an accepted feature of our legal system, the judicial homily is perhaps a difficult art; one of those in which a false note can be fatal to dignity. Some think it a gratuitous assumption of responsibility, and favour the brevity of the Magisterial "forty shillings, please." Others feel that if a man is going to prison, or is about to be discharged on probation when he expected to go to prison, the fact should be communicated to him with more solemnity than can be extracted from the appropriate clause in a Statute. As it is, although the delivery of the homily can sometimes be an embarrassing occasion in a waiting Court, it has enriched legal reminiscence in the qualities of "This England." Most people have heard the one about the duck-thief: "Here you are, an able-bodied man with all the advantages of a secondary-school education—instead of which you go about the country stealing ducks." But I prefer an involved essay in the superlative that was delivered (I am told) at the Old Bailey by the late Mr. Commissioner Kerr in sentencing a man for embezzlement: "If ever there was a worse case," he said, "of a man systematically robbing his master, that case is this case."

* * *

"No foot passenger," says the Minister of Transport's regulation, "shall remain upon any crossing longer than is necessary for the purpose of passing from one side of the road to the other with reasonable dispatch." So far as I have been able to observe, foot passengers are scrupulous about this. Outside this office there is a pedestrian crossing upon which nobody remains even as long as that; reasonable dispatch, indeed, would be suicidal—they go across like demented rabbits. It is an "uncontrolled" crossing: *de jure*, because it has neither a policeman nor traffic lights, and *de facto*, because drivers abandon all care as they approach it. If it were "controlled," drivers would be required by the regulations to allow free and uninterrupted passage to every foot passenger who has started to go over the crossing before the driver receives a signal that he may proceed." Don't run, in other words, until you've got the green. But we have no lights or policeman, we are uncontrolled; so we are entitled to free and uninterrupted passage only by being "on the carriageway" when the traffic is actually charging: in this way we achieve the legal state of mind known as "having precedence over all vehicular traffic." In the course of a day there are always one or two pedestrians who know this. They step down into the gutter with their feet at a "quarter-to-nine," so that their toes shall not be run over. Then they begin to edge forward, chins in. Word of what is going on runs along the south pavement of Holborn, supporters fall in, and a bulge develops; the traffic is bottle-necked. It is pleasant to be able to record that the driver who eventually stops is usually a taxi-man; and his reward is a sordid tap-dance in the middle of the road as the South-side harriers meet the vanguard of a similar enterprise from the North. For some weeks, the crossing-place markings were hidden by dark-brown snow. It seemed safer like that.

* * *

I am sorry to see that another of the great Cambridge figures is dead. D. A. Winstanley was a first-class eighteenth-century scholar and in his wit, manner and love of good things he was also something of an eighteenth-century personality. Among the many witticisms attributed to him was his remark when he first saw Epstein's *Genesis*. He is reputed to have shaken his head and said, "Ah, no doubt that is a memorial to the women who fell in the late war." CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to S. J. W.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Owing to the fuel crisis officials are advised to take advantage of their typists between the hours of 12 and 2.—*Notice posted inside Town Hall of London Borough.*

Two men were brushing snow from the road into the gutter; they were followed by two more shovelling snow from the gutter on to the road. Overcome by curiosity a bystander enquired the reason for this strange lack of co-ordination.

From the first sweeper came the reply: "Oh, the other two are town men. We come under the County."—*The Cornish Echo.*

The Judge said that if the husband had thought a little less about the naval mess the marriage might have had a different history. When the National Anthem was played in the middle of a wireless programme he expected his wife to stand. —*Daily Telegraph.*

Supervising the work were Catchment Board officials and Army officers. "We feel that we are fighting a winning battle," one official told me. "We shall go on feeling that we are winning until we have lost."—*News Chronicle.*

Acknowledgment from City of Westminster: Re Appointment of Branch Librarian. The Town Clerk acknowledges receipt of your letter of the 25th Feb., 47, with reference to the above subject, which has been referred to the Director of Public Cleansing for attention.—*Wellington College Year Book.*

CHANGES IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

HERE the relationship of bourgeois democracy and Communism is being worked out with reason and moderation on both sides. Czechoslovakia was always the most bourgeois of democracies; its many small industries, its skilled specialised workers, its capable bureaucrats, all gave it the stamp of democracy in the Western sense, and it is still the same country, outwardly unchanged. But faith in the West has been shaken. With the exception of Eastern Slovakia, the country did not suffer much materially; compared with Poland and Yugoslavia, hardly at all. Morally it has suffered far more; the occupation meant the complete destruction of all the political beliefs of the inter-war generation; the Western orientation, the liberal multi-national state, the sober humanitarianism of Masaryk. Over six years the Nazis systematically exterminated the élite of the nation; every act of resistance met with deadly retaliation and ended apparently in failure. "It lasted too long" is the end of many conversations, and if the Czechs are now revolutionising their economic and social life, it is in a spirit of realism, which reflects political good sense rather than new aspirations.

Until the election last year, no new lines of political development emerged. The Communists gained 40 per cent of the votes at the last election, because, unlike the rest, they had a clear programme to offer, and conducted a vigorous campaign; and they had the advantage of a general pro-Russian feeling. Among the older parties, the Socialists lost ground because their significance was not clear; the Agrarians, formerly the largest party, were banned on the ground that some of their leaders had collaborated; while the National Socialists and Beneš party, gained as representing the Liberal tradition, now in fact Conservative. The National Front, composed of Communists, Socialists, National Socialists and Catholics, is genuinely national, but it is not revolutionary, since the balance of Left and Right forces is fairly even.

Now tension is increasing within the Front, as Premier Gottwald has recently stated. Six Bills, moved by Djuris, the Communist Minister of Agriculture, have been rejected, and there is continuous friction on procedure within the Cabinet, and also within the municipal government of Prague. Catholics and National Socialists allege that the Communists try to push laws through by undemocratic means, while the Communists consider that the Right-wing groups are sabotaging the will of the people; it is a struggle between the old formal conception of democracy and the new form which involves participation of the people in every major political decision.

As a result, both Left and Right are consolidating. The Socialists are weak and under the leadership of Fierlinger and Lausmann work closely with the Communists, except for a small Right-wing group; in the long run they will probably merge. The Left is far more powerful and more consolidated than it ever was before the war, because leadership has passed to the Communists.

On the right, the main opposition to the Communists comes from the Catholics, particularly Prohaska, the Minister of Health, and Duhacek, Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee. The National Socialists have a strong man in their Chairman, Vice-Premier Peter Zenkl, to whom six years in Buchenwald have given great prestige. But now the National Socialists are opening their membership to their former enemies, the Agrarians, who before the war were the main challenge to the influence of the President, and are now banned as a party (except in Slovakia, where they continue to exist as the Slovak Democrats.) Recently an eminent Agrarian, Feierabend, has joined the National Socialists, and several minor Agrarian leaders have been acquitted on charges of collaboration. The President, it is clear, is losing his middle-way position and is becoming the focus for the forces of the Right.

For the time being, however, the National Front will certainly be maintained, because it has to carry out the Two Years' Plan. This is a plan for recovery, rather than development; it aims at increasing industrial production to 10 per cent above the 1937 level, and agricultural production to the level of 1938. These are reasonable targets, since industrial production did not suffer much, and agricultural recovery is retarded mainly by the evacuation of the Sudetenland (of which the disastrous economic effects are now becoming evident; there is even talk of settling Bulgarians in the frontier districts). In several ways the Plan has been weakened from its original Communist draft; the Planning Commission no longer has compulsory powers to draft labour to a specific industry, as the original draft provided, though all able-bodied people are compelled to work.

The most important objective of the Plan is to raise the living standard of Slovakia to that of Bohemia and Moravia. This means an attack on the peasant poverty of Slovakia, now much accentuated by war damage in the Eastern regions. Because it is economically backward, with a Church-dominated peasantry, Slovakia has always been unstable politically and a source of national dissension, as it still is. In the pre-war Republic, this disequilibrium was increased by the policy of hampering Slovak industry, and by the grain monopoly which benefited only the richer grain-selling peasants. Consequently, the Slovak demand for autonomy, however misguided, had a real basis in economic subjection. Now it is recognised that the Slovak problem cannot be solved in terms of national claims and political concessions: it needs extensive industrialisation to raise the living standard and create an educated population. Here lies the real wisdom of the Communist Plan: it is revolutionary in the sense of developing a new economic and social

structure, rather than overturning the old. On the economic level of Slovakia the balance of Left and Right forces will ultimately depend. But the objective of equal standards between the Eastern and Western halves of the Republic will hardly be reached within two years.

If government by coalition hampers the pace of planning, it seems to work well politically, as instanced by the new press law. Under an agreement made in 1945, now to be made law, newspapers and periodicals must be the property of parties or associations or of the State; and cannot be owned by private individuals. This has meant the end of the evening gutter press (its owner, Stribrny, has been condemned to death for collaboration). The change has increased the responsibility of the press, without apparently weakening the position of the editors. Peroutka, for instance, the distinguished editor of *Svobodne Noviny*, the local *Manchester Guardian*, appears to be even more independent now that the paper is owned by an association of actors and writers. The number of dailies in Bohemia and Moravia has been reduced from 55 to 27, but the total circulation is almost as large. The larger circulation ensures the financial position of the remaining papers, without subsidies or advertisements. All agree that the press is free, and, judging by the Prague papers, its quality is better and the tone of political controversy far higher. Czechoslovakia has apparently succeeded in eliminating profit-making from the press while maintaining variety and freedom of expression.

So far, therefore, the political development is not revolutionary, though the basis for a great change in political power exists in the nationalised industries. The grain trade is still in the hands of private wholesalers, a system which seems hardly justifiable and will probably be changed. There has been no general land reform, except for the expropriation of the Germans and collaborators, and no complete settlement of the German lands. Czechoslovakia is happy in that it has avoided internal conflict; unhappy in that no great driving force carries it forward. At the next election in two years' time, if the Plan is successful, Communists and Socialists will probably gain a majority, and more sweeping changes will come; but even then they will doubtless be gradual.

DOREEN WARRINER

STILTON AND MOUSETRAP

IN replies to questions in the House of Commons, Dr. Summerskill, Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Food, recently said or implied: (i) That the taste for Stilton was acquired in some sense, presumably, in which that for mousetrap was natural; (ii) that this acquired taste was to be reprobated, since it was the badge of a privileged class; (iii) that it must, therefore, be mortified—"Dr. Summerskill retorted that the function of the Ministry of Food was not to pander to an acquired taste, but to ensure that persons who had never had time to acquire this taste were suitably fed"—(iv) that the grounds for preferring mousetrap to Stilton and Camembert, designated as "special cheeses," were that it could be cut more neatly and rapidly than Stilton, which crumbled and packed more rapidly than Camembert, which ran. These considerations seemed to her to be decisive in favour of encouraging the consumption of mousetrap and discouraging that of all other cheeses, with the exception of Caerphilly which, incidentally, is difficult to pack, but which miners are averred to like.

These remarks appear to me to rest upon two fallacies: the first, that acquired tastes are to be deplored. Some, no doubt, are; for example, a taste for opium and gin in large quantities. But, so far is it from being the case that *all* acquired tastes are bad that one might plausibly argue that no tastes are good except those that are acquired; that whatever separates the savage from the animal and the civilised man from the savage, from the use of fire to the enjoyment of Mozart, *begins* by being acquired; that whatever grounds for pride or signs of grace there may be in our so frequently lamentable species, from the thought of Plato to the pictures of Cézanne, together with the power of apprehending the first and appreciating the second, are acquired; that whatever testifies to the inventiveness or originality of the human mind, from the capacity to play chess to the knowledge of how to fly aeroplanes is acquired; and that whatever elevates the business of eating and drinking above the level of the satisfaction of a mere animal want is acquired.

The fact is not surprising. Having been taught that the heart of man is by nature desperately wicked, we are accustomed to the notion of original moral sin. We are further acquainted with the notion of original "modish" sin. We know, for example, that *natural* manners are abominable; it is *natural* to pick the nose, to yawn or sneeze in company, to eat peas with a knife and to drink soup noisily from the tureen. Original aesthetic sin is, therefore, only what one would expect. It is also what one gets.

Our original tastes are bad and for what is bad. Consider the books that children read—with what omnivorous and indiscriminating appetite they devour the good, the bad and the indifferent with on the whole a preference for the bad—and the sweets they eat. Reflect upon the music, the sentimental songs and waltzes in which with ever increasing bathos the notes wound slowly up and down the diatonic scale in which the adolescents of my generation took delight; the hot jazz that pleased the next, the crooning that engages the affection of the latest.

The truth that taste comes not by nature but through practice has been appreciated in most ages prior to our own. Listen, for example, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "Taste does not come by chance or nature; it is a long and laborious process to acquire it. It is the lowest style only of arts, whether of painting, poetry or music that may be said in the vulgar sense to be naturally pleasing." It is testified by one's own experience. Just as one finds by experience that what attracts one in a woman rarely binds one to her, so one finds by experience that the worth of a piece of music is usually in inverse proportion to one's initial pleasure in it. For who, one wonders, is born with a *natural* taste for Bach fugues, or the posthumous quartets of Beethoven? So true is this that one might venture to assert that no great music ought ever to be heard for the first time.

These generalisations are strongly illustrated in the department of food. The need for food and drink is the most primitive of all our needs; it is also the most punctually recurrent. In its satisfaction one can spend with care from two to three hours out of every twenty-four. Let us suppose that one's active waking day endures for sixteen hours; then between one-fifth and one-eighth of it will be spent in eating and drinking. Let us further assume that one's life runs to the average span of seventy years; then one will spend in all some six years in continuously shoving solid and pouring liquid substances through an ugly little hole that opens in the bottom of one's face. What could be more bestial; what more absurd? Yet the bestiality can be transformed into an accomplishment; the absurdity into a source of solid satisfaction. For man has had the wit to make a grace of necessity and to found upon the satisfaction of a need the cultivation of an art. In this he chiefly shows his difference from the animals. And who, pray, is Dr. Summerskill that she should make light of this accomplishment which our race has won from the necessity of their bodies and nip this flower that blossoms on the dunghill of man's appetites with talk of calories and vitamins and the nutritional values of mousetrap? That she should discourage the cultivation of flavours with the difficulty of packing, and rate neatness and speed of cutting more important than the taste of soap or than no-taste at all?

Thucydides, in one of his most pregnant sentences, tells us that war destroys the margins of civilisation. Now, Stilton, it is obvious, is on the margin; for Stilton is not necessary. Taking this hint, I venture to suggest that Dr. Summerskill's strictly utilitarian attitude to our diet, as if we were beasts to be fattened for market, or creatures stricken by famine to be kept by hook or crook alive, implying as it does that we should eat only to live and abjure any pleasure in our eating, implies also that civilisation is a luxury we can no longer afford. For what, after all, is civilisation but a sign that man has emancipated himself from the mere struggle for survival? And when man has striven so long to escape and had, as he thought, succeeded, it is hard for him to hear Dr. Summerskill censuring him for his success and doing her best to thrust him back among the imperatives that rule the jungle and the farmyard.

The second fallacy is that the spread of democracy entails a lowering of standards; that quantity, in fact, is incompatible with quality. This view has been held by a long line of distinguished thinkers stretching from Plato to the present day. Santayana, for example, tells us that "culture is on the horns of this dilemma; if profound and noble, it must remain rare, if common it must become mean," while Flaubert prophesied that as "*l'humanité se perfectionne, l'homme se dégrade.*" For my part, though I concede that our *first* reaction to the highest is to hurl a brick at it rather than to love it, I see no *ultimate* incompatibility between taste and the many. What is important is to preserve the tasty until the many are ready to taste it. Let us, then, continue to produce Stilton, that it may still be there, as it were, for the developing palate of a more leisured posterity to enjoy.

There are two good things that are today in danger of disappearing by reason of the destruction of the conditions in which they can be enjoyed; one is the taste for solitude amid natural scenery; the other, the appreciation of the more exquisite sensations of the palate.

At the risk of being accused of seeking to "explode" yet another woman, I am unable to resist the temptation of raising a further issue. It is, perhaps, her femininity that has betrayed Dr. Summerskill into saying this egregious thing? English women are notoriously insensitive to the pleasures of the palate and many in their hearts regard men's preoccupation with such matters as slightly brutish. Of course, if they are fond of a man, they will "pander" to his tastes, even to his acquired tastes, and there is still mercifully a considerable number of women belonging to the Mrs. Beeton category, whose immediate reaction to the entry of a member of the opposite sex into their houses is "Here's a man; let's feed him." But they do not feel a similar impulse in regard to another woman. Women who live together and "do" for themselves feed meagrely and with Spartan simplicity, eschewing more particularly meat. There is something, they think, not quite nice about meat, especially if it be high; hence, the feminine cult of sandwiches which avoids the contaminating contact of the hand with meat by insulating it between slices of bread. Similarly, with cheese. Mousetrap is simple, yellow and uncorrupted. Stilton is veined, crumbling with decay and corrupted by parasites. Women find its taste slightly unpleasant, as they do that of beer or dry wine. These, no doubt, were among the considerations which inspired the author—he must for obvious reasons remain anonymous—of the remark that woman is the last thing to be civilised by man.

One cannot, of course, in the 20th century go all the way with the spirit of this remark, yet there is one practical conclusion which it suggests. Since women are now to govern us, it is in the more strictly utilitarian spheres of government that their talents are likely to receive their most appropriate expression. As Ministers of Transport and Fuel and Supply they may perform good service, but from those Departments which are concerned to develop the mind or elevate the taste of mankind, from education and food, they should be withheld.

C. E. M. JOAD

ANGELA BRAZIL

THERE have been many other writers of schoolgirl stories, but it is Angela Brazil who epitomises them all, and it is of her that we think, and now with regret for her death, when these astonishing works of fiction rear their fascinating heads.

Miss Brazil satisfied, and in full measure, the craving of girls for action and drama. Thrill must follow thrill, and the more remote from real life the better. "It was the summer of the great gale," muses a character in one of these books, "when the san' crashed into the sea. Stirring times!" That is all, but the devoted schoolgirl reader can picture the rest for herself: three girls, pimply with German measles, striking out gamely for the shore: the Matron, cool as any cucumber, rapping out her orders: one of the juniors (that pretty little new girl, Brenda Loveday) hauling her comrades to safety by their plaits. That is the real thing.

Other writers in this *genre* have attempted what are possibly more realistic tales. They have introduced lipsticks ("Gloria, bent double before her cubic mirror, carefully applied the exciting carmine stick. Sylvia giggled appreciatively.") There are fashion papers ("'That's the one for me,' sighed a biggish girl in the Shell, pointing to the generous *décolletage* of an evening gown in *cerise velours*"). There are even young gentleman friends ("'It's from Basil,' breathed Cora, slipping the light-blue monogrammed envelope into her gym-tunic"). But this is sorry stuff, and Miss Brazil would have none of it.

The reason for her glittering and prolonged success is the fact that the essential ingredients of a successful girl school story remain constant, and she had the good sense to realise it. There is even little need to ring the changes. There is a Headmistress, imposing in black *marocain*, reprimanding everybody in sight and her slightest word law (Judith, wrongly suspected of having cheated at Geometry, is on the 10.15 for home and no questions asked). There is a French mistress, screaming away amid a riot of misspelt French (why can printers never get it absolutely right?), with white mice pouring in a steady stream from her desk, and an apple-pie bed every other night. There is the new girl, all timidity and blushes and "Oh, I say, thanks awfully," who makes good under the most trying conditions (a fire in the dormitory, as often as not) and who gets everybody's sympathy by fainting dead away ("'Golly, she's conked out,' ejaculated Elspeth") as soon as the danger is over. There is sometimes (and let it be more often) the under-Matron who gets into difficulties in the mill-race.

The Madcap of the School, The Jolliest Term on Record, The Youngest Girl in the Fifth—how many schoolgirls have goggled over these and blessed Miss Brazil's name! Perhaps her best, and most characteristic, book is *A Patriotic Schoolgirl*, a story of the First World War. In it the Headmistress, Mrs. Morrison ("so like the pictures of the Empress Eugénie") is livid with rage every minute of the day. The girls get the autograph of a famous French airman and Mrs. Morrison, "her eyes flashing," collects the autographs and "tore them into shreds." Then Marjorie "enters into a vulgar correspondence with an unknown soldier" which fills Mrs. Morrison "with disgust and contempt," and Marjorie is packed off to the "Isolation Room." "Where are the traditions of Brackenfield?" cries Mrs. Morrison, when the girls throw snowballs at some wounded soldiers ("Girls, girls, come along at once! Don't look at those soldiers. Attention!"). And there are even troubles over charades, for Annie Turner overdoes it and "threw such fervour into her lovemaking that Mrs. Morrison gave a warning cough." Punishments consist of learning ten lines of poetry every day before breakfast and "missing the needlework union."

But despite Mrs. Morrison ("'she really is the limit,' more than one girl observes"), excitements crowd one upon the other: Marjorie pretends to walk in her sleep and is sent to Nurse Hall for a tonic: there is a dorm-feed, nearly discovered by Miss Norton, in "blue dressing-gown and bedroom slippers and all"; then Marjorie suddenly bursts into flames and Chrissie, "who was passing . . . dragged her from the piano and sat on her head." Miss Norton is suspected of heliographing to German prisoners from the Observatory window, and Marjorie stops Chrissie opening Miss Norton's letters: "But look here! It doesn't seem quite—straight, somehow." Chrissie, who is reported to have "a highly nervous organism," eventually turns out to be the spy, and Marjorie, who has been "a blind idiot all along," throws away the gold locket that Chrissie gave her and hurries back to join the others in shouting "Hurrah! God Save The King."

Students of schoolgirl slang will find themselves richly rewarded by the study of Miss Brazil. "Spiffing" and "topping" are, it seems, quite modern words, and thirty years ago the following were popular: Strafe it all! It's a grizzly nuisance. Miss Jones is a stunt, as jinky as you like. Right oh, chucky. What a blossomy idea. I feel scratchy [cross]. Jubilate! What a frolicsome joke. Scootons-nous vite. A good tuck-out. Don't get raggy, old sport. Bow-wow, pitch it a little stronger.

Games do not, fortunately, preponderate in Miss Brazil's books. Those lengthy cricket matches, won on the stroke of time by a six whizzing through the pav. window, can be wearisome. Games, like everything else, should be full of personal feuds and drama. "White with fury, Mona faced the Bingston captain. 'That was a deliberate sneak,' she challenged." Athletic prowess of another kind is admirable, however, and Miss Brazil does not hesitate to send her heroines shinning up the spire, or make them take on the music master (German spy) at ju-jitsu.

It is tempting to speculate about the future. Shall we, one wonders, ever have a Guinea-Pig girl from Hoxton introduced into a school full of young ladies from Wimbledon and Surbiton? How would it go?

"'Miss Baines! Miss Baines!' It was the head girl speaking. "I don't want to sneak or anything, but I do think you ought to see what Ada Pitman has done in the upper corridor. I mean, we've always been pretty decent about that kind of thing at Dumbleford. I mean, it's pretty bad form, isn't it?' Miss Baines vouchsafed no answer but her mouth set in a grim line and the little telltale pulse in her left temple was seen to throb. The girls held their breath for what seemed an eternity. And then the Headmistress drew herself up to her full height. 'Ada Pitman leaves to-morrow,' she commanded, and the girls thrilled to the steely quality in her voice. 'Thirza, look up the trains. Monica, tell Cook there will be one less for lunch. Doris, fetch a cloth.'"

Yes. Poor Ada, sobbing her Cockney heart out, will be on the 10.15 all right, and the upper corridor disinfected, and the honour of Dumbleford preserved. It is impossible to envisage anything different. The Headmistresses must remain as they are. But there will, alas, be no Miss Brazil to animate them.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

SPRING SONG

Les neiges d'autan
I am happy to say, have gone;
I thought they would stay forever,
Eppur si muove, which includes the weather.
"Igne levatur hiems," on dit—
You're telling *me!*
Get cracking, formosissimus annus,
For there's nothing much more they can ban us.

Gaudeamus igitur, aller Aufang ist heiter;
But I can't switch on till four o'clock, because I
am only a writer.

Fiat lux
And I will return to my books
(Heureux qui, comme Ulysse,
Survives the perils of peace).

REGINALD REYNOLDS

To ensure securing a copy of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, readers are recommended to place a definite order with their newsagent.

The Arts and Entertainment

"THE MAGIC FLUTE"

THERE are two ways of looking at *The Magic Flute:* you might call them Mozart's way and Schikaneder's way. They are by no means irreconcilable in performance; but if at any given moment one vision must prevail over the other, then let it always be the sublime fantasy of the composer and never the stale farrago of theatrical tricks.

What Mozart accomplished was an act of transfiguration, one of the most astonishing in the history of art: he turned a silly suburban pantomime into receptacle for his most solemn meditations on humanity, life and death—the meditations of a man strangely conscious of his own approaching end. Whatever it may have meant to Schikaneder, we know what Freemasonry meant to Mozart: Enlightenment and the Brotherhood of Man. To Schikaneder the ordeals by fire and by water were occasions for scenic display; to Mozart they were an epitome of human experience, and his marvellous music refers at this point, not at all to fire or water, but only to the steadfast souls of his initiate pair. Anyone alive to the intense solemnity of this scene will, therefore, find it painful to watch Pamina undergoing her trials in a modish hooped skirt half-revealing a pair of yellow bloomers. Or consider that magical and tear-compelling moment when the forces of evil are rendered helpless before Papageno's bells; the producer who allows his Papageno, not just a single last-minute kick at the vanishing behind of Monostatos, but several such kicks *while the divine music is still vibrating in the air*—such a producer is playing Schikaneder's game at the expense of Mozart.

In fact the whole Covent Garden conception of Papageno is unfortunate. Not satisfied with Professor Dent's merciful abridgement, Malcolm Baker-Smith has restored a good deal of the original spoken dialogue; and what's more, in obedience to one of those mysterious whims which sometimes afflict the best of theatrical producers, he has turned Papageno's share of it into a kind of stage Irish which would have seemed extravagant to Dion Boucicault himself. "Sure, if it was wings and not feathers I had, it's after flying I'd be"; and so on, reams and reams of it, delivered in the knowing hard-boiled style of the provincial comedian and sung below any conceivably acceptable standard, until it's turning in his pauper's grave that ould Mozart must be and looking at its watch, begorrah, the long-suffering audience.

An austerely mounted *Zauberflöte* would be an absurdity, and Oliver Messel's decor is sumptuous, extravagant, fantastic, and for the most part appropriate. Among its many felicities I count the dresses of the Three Ladies (but the Boys look unsuitably girlish), the engagingly "Japanese" appearance of Tamino, Sarastro's first entry in a chariot drawn by winged lions, and the scene of the two men in armour. The final tableau is impressive, but gains nothing from the spectacle of Sarastro rising visibly on his plinth, like a cinema organist; and there is also a touch of Hollywood about the frequently used transparent drop-curtain, with its open volume inscribed "The Magic Flute by W. A. Mozart"—a volume whose pages one constantly expects to turn in order to reveal a series of further "credits."

Tamino and Sarastro were the most enjoyable of the soloists. Kenneth Neate, in particular, maintained a simple and clean musical line, and with a little more warmth and heroic ring would do very nicely indeed; Oscar Natzka, rather weak on his low notes, made in other respects an imposing Sarastro. A new Queen of the Night, perched aloft amid the flies and the leger-lines, is always a candidate for our sympathy; Audrey Bowman possesses the requisite high notes, and later on will doubtless succeed in placing them more accurately, but she'll never make a good Astrifiammante (or anything else either) until she learns to master the wobble in her middle voice. Like mother, like daughter: Victoria Sladen, as Pamina, makes a brave attempt to capture the Mozartian spirit, but even the letter is apt to elude any

soprano who lacks a steady stream of pure, soft tone. (This awkward fact is none the less true because the world now conspires to ignore it.) Most of the ensembles went splendidly; the chorus was fiery and sonorous, if at times more Druidic than Masonic; but the true heroes of the evening were Mr. Rankl and the orchestra, who never failed to speak with the tongue of Mozart, whatever might be happening on the stage.

As diligent readers are too aware, I have a passion for the human voice; and when I read the other day of one of the new Cambridge Theatre sopranos that "her voice is true and clear as a bell with a remarkably beautiful upper range," and furthermore that "her coloratura sparkles like diamonds . . . with no slurs or smudges," I could scarcely conceal my impatience to hear such a prodigy. If it were only true, then Signora Fratiza would be the soprano for whom the whole world has been waiting ever since Tetrazzini's sun began to set; but—alas for the debased currency of our praise!—it doesn't even begin to be true: the quality is mediocre, the tremolo considerable, the technique uncertain. It's bad enough to spend one's life listening to this kind of thing without being told that it's impeccable. However, a return visit to the *Barbiere di Siviglia* was well worth while because of the considerable strides made since the *première* by both the Dickie brothers (the baritone is now an excellent singer, and with a little more punch the tenor would be equally good), not to mention the chance of renewing acquaintance with the portentously fruity Don Basilio of Andrea Mongelli. The keen opera-goer could do worse than drop into the Cambridge simply to hear Mongelli in "La calunnia"; but if he is wise as well as keen, he will drop out again before the first finale, which remains just about the hammiest spectacle in London.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Temptation Harbour," at Warner's

The Onlooker might have made not a bad title for the original Simenon story (*Newhaven-Dieppe* in the volume *Affairs of Destiny*). For he starts, this man in a signal box perched over the sidings and quays, by merely looking on: sees the lights go up in the station, the Channel boat coming alongside, the porters and the Customs men and the tarts making ready—usual routine. Then a stranger from the darkened end of the steamer tosses a small suit-case to another waiting on the quay; after an interval the two meet (still within view of the eyrie), quarrel, exchange blows, and into the harbour go one man and the suit-case, while the other makes off.

Now what is he, the onlooker, unwilling and unwanted, to do? Turn a blind eye, summon the police? He dives in, misses the man, but finds the case. That case contains £5,000 in notes. Staggering find: it must be thought about. Conscience sets traps. The murderer returns, and between the two, coming and going in streets, cafés, a frightened and not unsympathetic recognition begins to take root. . . .

I need hardly add, since the narrative is Simenon's, that it goes on, as it has begun, with a beautifully disposed atmosphere and insistence to the very last word. That intensely cinematic flow of detail fascinated me a dozen or fifteen years ago when I encountered it, and I was curious to have it revived, under a somewhat untempting title, on the screen.

Temptation Harbour (directed by Lance Comfort). Wisely, since the speech was to be English, the scene and characters have been anglicised also. Newhaven replaces Dieppe; a fair ground, saloon bars, cobbled streets, and the railway and quays quickly establish an atmosphere. Robert Newton clanks the long handles and rubs steam off the window to peer down: a native enough railwayman, if lacking go. The uncompromising tart of the original becomes Simone Simon, irresistibly gay and astray in a conjuror's side-show. William Hartnell gives a tense performance as the flitting murderer; and—most English touch of all—there is a delightfully genuine child, Margaret Barton, whose presence clinches the terror of certain moments.

A good film, then? Up to a point. One enjoys it as much, say, as *Métropolitain* or *Waterloo Road;* but that is not, or should not be, its level. Englishness has done more, in this instance, than alter the scene and naturalise the figures; bit by bit the subtlety of tension and realism has been drained away, to be replaced by stock sentiments. To turn from *Temptation Harbour* to the pages of Simenon is to enter not only a more exciting but a far more actual and keenly articulated world. That world has already found its way into the cinema with pieces that might well have been dictated, as they were certainly inspired, by the master: *Le Jour se Lève, La Bête Humaine* and *Quai des Brumes* were (one might almost say) Simenon at his best, while *Hôtel du Nord* was dashed off perhaps in a couple of weeks to fulfil a contract. I am afraid that *Temptation Harbour* never attempts to take its rightful place by the side of these.

Simenon is not only the most cinematic of novelists; he exploited, before the cinema did, one of its most successful genres. We still await a close encounter with him on the screen. And by the way, the present piece has been referred to everywhere as the first of Simenon's books to be filmed. But is it? He published in 1931 a novel called *La Nuit du Carrefour*, and the year after Duvivier made a film, which I have not seen, bearing the same title.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THE series of talks on Materialism was, one supposes, a trial balloon for the "free religious discussion on the air" we are at last to be accorded. Bertrand Russell, Professors Gilson and J. B. S. Haldane all spoke well, as was to be expected: they are trained dialecticians. Even the prejudiced must have been jolted in their ruts. Nevertheless, I suggest that this is the wrong way to conduct a controversy. To allow each side an innings of twenty minutes, at an interval of a week or more, means in effect that the last speaker has the last word, and that his arguments, unless they are glaringly foolish or unsupported, will seem to many listeners conclusive. If a speaker who is guilty of the logical fallacy of Undistributed Middle is pulled up on the spot, he must change his ground or re-formulate his argument. But if his opponent has no chance of pointing out the fallacy *at the time*, the conclusion of his argument, which quite probably rests on false premises, has had time to sink too far into many listeners' minds to be dislodged. Last Sunday, for instance, Professor Haldane "proved," with the aid of statistics, that in Holland Protestant children are more wicked than Agnostic ones, and Roman Catholic children more wicked than either. Later in his discourse the remark of a French Communist was quoted to prove that in the U.S.S.R. opinion is free. Now I take leave to doubt whether, if Bertrand Russell and Professor Gilson had been in the studio, these dubious contentions would have gone unchallenged. In the circumstances, no protesting voice was, or could be, heard. Surely the only fair way to conduct these discussions is to assemble, say, three disputants together in the studio, give each seven minutes in which to state his case (quite a lot can be said in seven minutes), and wind up with fifteen minutes free-for-all. A long broadcast? No longer than the Brains Trust. And, anyway, what is the Third Programme for, if not to provide ample space for this form of exercise?

The Visual Arts. It is time something was done to liven up these programmes. The material is never less than interesting and often the talks are of outstanding excellence; but the total impression of damp gloom conveyed by dull and halting delivery is funereal. If the intelligent Mr. Anthony West would only speak up briskly, and insist upon his broadcasters doing likewise, listeners who have no special leaning towards visual art might well be attracted by the mine of information and imaginative criticism these programmes in fact contain. At present, only the convinced specialist can face entering the fog.

A Handful of Dust. It is useless to boggle at the fact that this brilliant and scathing novel depends for its atmosphere on the nuances of social distinctions. This may be regrettable, but it is the case, and of capital importance. A radio production which,

Good news for National Savers

10/-

Price down to 10/-

Limit up to 1000

10/-

A ten shilling note now buys a National Savings Certificate—and each person may hold up to 1000 of these new certificates in addition to holdings of all previous issues. Each certificate increases to 13/- in ten years, an increase of 30% free of tax.

THE *new* SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

ON SALE FROM TUESDAY, APRIL 1st, 1947

10/-

Issued by The National Savings Committee

however capable in other ways, permits Lady Brenda Last to say "Town" when she means London, and "phone" instead of telephone (etc., etc.), and otherwise employs actors, many of whose voices entirely fail to suggest the world which is common to all of Evelyn Waugh's novels, cannot be accounted a success. But this is a painful and embarrassing subject, over which I hasten to draw a veil.

Manfred. This affair was most misleadingly billed. Nothing was printed to inform us that we were to hear an abridged dramatisation of Byron's play made by Mr. George Rylands and acted with himself in the name part. Nor were we at any time told who produced the programme (could it have been Sir Thomas Beecham?). The outcome was interesting and worth doing once, if only because Byron put so much more of his deepest feelings into this poem than into any other (including *Don Juan.*) After an oddly parsonic opening, Mr. Rylands warmed to his part and gave a fiery and admirably distinct performance. Schumann's "background" music is often inept and sometimes dull, but the fine description of Rome (beautifully spoken by Mr. Rylands) is an arresting exception. In the same concert Mr. Rene Soames sang the solo in Liszt's magnificent setting of the 13th Psalm with a fervour and a beauty of tone that placed him, to my mind, in the front rank of radio artists.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE THEATRE

"Le Lac des Cygnes," at the Adelphi

The International Ballet's version, reproduced by Nicolai Sergueeff, accords more closely with the historical scenario than most. The pas-de-trois occurs, naturally, in the village festivities of Act I; the property swans again glide smoothly across the scene, and there are many occasions when both producer and designer have looked with fresh appraising eyes at the story. The principal role is danced alternately by Mona Inglesby and the visiting American, Nana Gollner. Miss Inglesby dances better than she ever did and is forceful and assured; her acting is restricted in style and the manual gesture and facial expression are emphatic where all should be nuance and subtle shading. Miss Gollner brings superb attack and scintillating assurance to the role; at best her technique is dazzling in its speed and sureness but the performance wavers from brilliance (the whole of Act 2) to sound competence (Act 3). Of the partners, Mr. Spurgeon works with ease and efficiency but remains an unsophisticated youth under the impact of the Swan Queen's charms. Mr. Petroff, with Nana Gollner, acts and reacts with subtlety and has a firm idea of the complex character of the Prince. Minor characters were mostly played in minor keys. William Chappell's decor has some charm, and certain costumes notably assist the dancing, but the scene evoked is pastoral-cum-ducal, rather than the High Romantic and Regal which this classic work demands.

A. V. COTON

A Correction.

In our notice of *The White Devil* we credited the costumes to Mr. Paul Sherriff. In fact, they were by Miss Audrey Cruddas and the scenery was by Mr. Sherriff.

ANTARCTIC CHANTY

[*An American expedition has hoisted the Stars and Stripes on Storrington Island, a British possession in Antarctica. According to "The Times" the State Department says that "No question of territorial claims is involved in the arrival of this party" but Chile, which also sent an expedition, claims the island as her territory.*]

Where the big seas roll around the Southern Pole
In the lash, lash, lashing of the gales,
Two thousand yards of dry land make a British base and island
With a mandate over penguins, seals and whales.

Now the Yank, Yank, Yankees crash the gate,
And they hoist the Stars and Stripes on British ground,
While Britain's standing sentry against illegal entry
By the chilly, chilly Chileans cruising round.

For we were the first that ever, ever burst
On the Weddell and the Bellingshausen Seas—
Britannia rules the blizzard and it sticks in Britain's gizzard
When foreign ensigns violate the breeze.

There's a dip, dip, diplomatic squall
While the pickets at the flagstaffs do their drill,
We signal "Don't be silly" to America and Chile,
And the chilly, chilly Chileans feel the chill.

They are hope, hope, hoping in the States
That Antarctic seals and penguins will keep cool
Till Britain shares her bases, as she has in other places,
And gives the icebergs Anglo-U.S. rule.

In the Bell, Bell, Bellingshausen Sea
The Anglo-U.S. whales in peace will spout
When we end this brief estrangement by a mutual arrangement
To freeze the chilly, chilly Chileans out.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

WRITERS AND THE STATE

SIR,—Like Mr. Pritchett, "I don't believe in endowment from Whitehall, and the spectacle of Soviet-sponsored literature, with its periodical purges of undesirables, seems the inevitable end of State endowment. I don't think many writers would feel that the State owed them anything on these terms. But surely something might be done in the way of tax relief.

The miners are likely to be granted certain relief from income tax, provided with extra food, and even nylons seem destined for mining areas. I don't suppose any young writer is seriously worried as to whether his wife or mistress can have a new pair of nylons, and I don't suppose he will generally disagree that these measures may be politically wise if increased coal production is needed. Other workers who regard themselves as equally indispensable will probably be asking for similar concessions, but the writer will presumably remain in the cold until such time as the Government considers it equally expedient to encourage cultural as well as material production.

At the moment income tax cripples the young writer. May I quote my own case? Married, child, first novel published. The money I have received for this, coming on top of my weekly wage (for I have been forced to small-town journalism to provide bread-and-butter) just tips the scales unfavourably, and by those weird calculations which only the Inland Revenue Commissioners themselves can understand, I shall have benefited almost nil by this work. Other young writers with whom I've talked have found themselves in not dissimilar positions, and they are no nearer the independence they want and need. I should like to hear the views of some of my contemporaries on the possibility of some form of tax relief.

Church Cottage, Rogate, Petersfield, Hampshire. HARDIMAN SCOTT

SIR,—In his last article on "State Writers," Mr. Pritchett makes a plea for the endowment of "serious imaginative literature." The practical implications of his proposals are interesting. Since, so he complains, the public will not voluntarily purchase the works of "great writers," it must be compelled to subsidise them. This subsidy must not be direct, lest the public should claim, through the agency of Whitehall, some say in the expenditure of its money. Instead, it should be provided by the municipalities,

★ From Australia

★ DISTANT SMOKERS PRAISE

JOHN SINCLAIR'S Barneys

Barneys (*medium*), Punchbowle (*full*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*), 1 oz. 2/10½d.

BANK CO-OPERATIVELY AND BENEFIT ACCORDINGLY

The helpful spirit of co-operation, which gives vitality to the successful trading enterprises of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, is the spirit which actuates the business of the

C.W.S. BANK

The results are remunerative terms, coupled with efficient service, plus thousands of appreciative customers.

The C.W.S. Bank meets the requirements of all—from the great organisation to the individual depositor.

Please write for details to: Head Office: 1, BALLOON STREET, MANCHESTER. Branches: 99, Leman Street, LONDON, E.1 (Sub-Branches, W.C.2 and S.W.1); West Blandford Street, NEWCASTLE; Broad Quay, BRISTOL; 8/9, Griffin Street, NEWPORT (Mon.); Claypath, DURHAM.

AGENCIES ALSO IN EVERY TOWN

The only INTERNATIONAL Army!

For 80 years The Salvation Army has been in action against sin, vice, ignorance and need. To-day hundreds of thousands of voluntary workers guided by 28,000 Salvation Army Officers are preaching the Gospel in 102 languages. Medical, educational and social work is carried on in 97 countries.

The service of The Salvation Army is needed more than ever in the world to-day. New calls are constantly being made upon it.

Your help is needed in the fight against evil and want. Please remember The Salvation Army in your prayers and by any gift of service or money which you are able to give.

GENERAL ALBERT ORSBORN, C.B.E.
101, Queen Victoria Street, LONDON, E.C.4

Serving- Where there's need always!

FLY

TO EUROPE
IN NEXT TO
NO TIME

SEATS NOW AVAILABLE AT SHORT NOTICE

BEA

THE KEY TO EUROPE

British European Airways Headquarters Northolt Middlesex Reservations and enquiries through all principal travel agents and at Airways Terminal S.W.1 Telephone: Victoria 2323

(out of rates) and by the great industries (tax-rebate for expenses). His implied assumption that town councillors and company directors can rise to heights of disinterested literary enthusiasm unobtainable by civil servants is surprising enough. What is really astonishing is his intention that he who pays the piper has no right to call the tune.

The function of literature is to please readers, not to employ writers. "Serious imaginative literature" may not appeal to every taste, but its public is now large enough to sustain and even enrich its better exponents. Mr. Pritchett's "mute inglorious Miltons," unable to produce their unpalatable works without a pension from the National Coal Board, deserve sympathy as little as they evoke credulity. Did Mr. Shaw, who complains of the burden of super-tax, "give up literature"? Did Aldous Huxley, Virginia Woolf, Evelyn Waugh, Graham Greene abuse their talents in "second-class work." I suspect that Mr. Pritchett thinks so and that his frustrated geniuses are to be found in the drab and dreary school, among the writers of formless short stories, of novels without plot or incident, of hurried and abortive verse. Let Mr. Pritchett be warned in time. We readers are indulgent, our tastes are catholic and our stomachs stronger than they used to be. But—we are only human. We will not pay to be bored, nor will we lightly admit that the dull can be good.

3 Christchurch Crescent, Radlett, Herts. J. E. CABLE

PLANNING

SIR,—I was sorry to see that Mr. Aylmer Vallance in his two very interesting articles on Planning in recent issues gave his endorsement (parenthetically) to that distinction between so-called "democratic" and "totalitarian" planning to which the recent economic White Paper has given general currency. One has the impression that this distinction is responsible at the moment for a good deal of mystification and loose thinking, and that it is, moreover, serving as an excuse for a *fainéant* attitude towards economic planning in Government circles. I suggest that it ought to be adequately explained by those who use it or else decisively dropped.

There are several important distinctions to be made between different sorts of planning, as regards its scope (the range of economic decisions covered by it) and the degree of its generality or its detail (e.g., whether material allocations or output-quotas are laid down in very broad categories, such as a whole industry, or defined in much greater detail with reference to individual plants or processes within a plant); and as regards its directness or indirectness (e.g., whether it controls production *via* a system of market-inducements or by obligatory production-quotas such as are only fully enforceable in nationalised industry). But none of these distinctions seems to correspond to the baffling terminology of the White Paper.

At first glance one is led to think, from the use of the term "totalitarian," that reference is intended to the distinction between the more detailed and direct sort of overall planning such as is only possible in a Socialist economy (as exemplified by Soviet planning) and the more general, partial and less direct type of planning possible in a capitalist economy, such as we have to deal with in this country today. But, if this be the case, why bless the latter by giving it exclusive right to the name of "democratic" and damn the former with a title usually associated with a Fascist state (where, as post-war investigation has shown, "planning" even in wartime was partial and inefficient and private capitalism was less checked, in many ways, than it was in the war economy of this country)? Its context suggests that the distinction used in Section 8 of the White Paper was meant to refer to compulsion over human beings—to the contrast between planning with free choice of occupation and planning with direction of labour. But reflection indicates that its meaning cannot be confined to this. In places there are hints that by "democratic" is meant the absence of *any* compulsion at all, whether over entrepreneurs or over workers—that everything must be done by consent and "plans" be no more than a series of non-obligatory "targets." Can this be what the Government and its advisers have in mind? At any rate, no line is drawn between control over individuals *qua* workers and control over non-human factors of production (materials and capital equipment) *via* limitation of their owners' right of disposal. Yet the distinction is critical. Soviet economy, for example, has subjected non-human factors of production to the most "total" and most detailed control, but has *not* in peacetime resorted (save temporarily with regard to specific categories of labour in very short supply) to direction of labour.

The only real sense to be made of the terms used is to take them as referring to the way in which the purposes embodied in a plan are determined: to political control over policy. But this the context scarcely allows us to do. This is a matter of the apparatus of government and its relation to the planning machinery, and has nothing to do with the methods employed by planning organs, the nature of their problems, or the character of their plans.

Cambridge. MAURICE DOBB

PAPER FOR SCHOOL BOOKS

SIR,—In your admirable article on raising the school-leaving age, an overwhelming case is made out. One after another of the customary objections are triumphantly overthrown, but, alas! one factor is omitted. There are four corners to a successful scheme of national education—teachers, buildings, administration and equipment. At three corners of our structure great progress has been made, as your article points out. But it neglects to observe that the fourth corner is a void, and that therefore the whole edifice is not only incomplete, but beyond human power to construct, unless something is done at once to fill the gap.

Books and paper are the indispensable necessities of school equipment. The facts about the shortage of school books are well known. So were the facts about the shortage of teachers. The only difference is simply this—that to supply the teachers required the Government introduced a scheme of emergency training *eighteen months* ago. There has been no such constructive effort to remedy the book shortage. In fact, the situation today is worse than it was eighteen months ago.

Last week this important question was raised on the Adjournment in the House of Commons. It transpired that the Moberly Pool was the only serious contribution made to its solution by the Government. This affords to publishers of certain educational books an allowance of paper over and above their normal quota. There are three reasons why the Pool is no answer to the present crisis. First, because it is a source available only for reprints and not for new books. Second, because a book must be out of print before an application to the Pool for paper can be considered. This means that the book will probably remain out of print for another six months or more, even though the application is granted. And, lastly, because the mills cannot in fact deliver the paper however generous the Pool has been.

As for writing-paper—in the last few weeks all schools under one of the best L.E.A.s in the country have been informed that between now and the summer holidays, they will be allowed a ration of one exercise book per child for all purposes.

Just as there have been emergency schemes to provide teachers and buildings, so there must be an emergency scheme to provide books and paper. In wartime we needed aircraft, and materials were promptly made available, even though it meant doing without new saucepans. Now, when a real advance in public education is as vital to the country, why is there no plan to give the schools their essential equipment?

PRINTED FOR THE BREWERS' SOCIETY

Good Cheer!

What makes the heart more cheerful or the step more eager than the thought that at the end of the road we shall "find in an inn a place of rest?" Much of the pleasure of a country tramp comes from "a pint of beer at the next pub". And in an age when our pleasures are diminished, let us rejoice that the freedom of the road and the friendly welcome of the inn remain unchanged.

Illustration specially drawn by Mervyn Peake

How much do YOU know about British films?

A survey on British films was recently carried out by Research Services Ltd. among top-ranking business and professional executives. (Some idea of the type of person approached will be gained by the fact that the principal papers read by them are *The Times, The Observer, The Economist, The New Statesman and Nation, The Spectator* and *Tribune.*) The survey revealed that many of these people were by no means accurately informed about the nature and activities of the J. Arthur Rank Organisation. For example, 21% of the informants said that the Rank Organisation did NOT produce feature films.

In fact, the following feature films are among the many made in recent years by producing companies associated with the Rank Organisation:

HENRY V · BRIEF ENCOUNTER · ODD MAN OUT · GREAT EXPECTATIONS · IN WHICH WE SERVE · THE SEVENTH VEIL · THERE IS THE GLORY · A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH · CÆSAR & CLEOPATRA · THE OVERLANDERS · I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING · THE CAPTIVE HEART · MEN OF TWO WORLDS · SCHOOL FOR SECRETS · THE WICKED LADY · HUE AND CRY

J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

LANCASHIRE & CHESHIRE FEDERATION OF TRADES COUNCILS

New Statesman Britain — New Republic U.S.A.

A GREAT PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION

FOR—PEACE—PROGRESS—PROSPERITY

KINGS HALL, BELLE VUE, MANCHESTER

on

Saturday, 12th April, 1947, at 2 p.m.

Speakers:

HENRY A. WALLACE
(former Vice-President U.S.A.)

JACK TANNER
(President A.E.U.)

Chairman: ELLIS SMITH, M.P.

TICKET 2/6

from

E.T.U Office, 88 Mosley Street, Manchester.

Their paper must come by the diversion of supplies from non-essential consumers. A Control Board representing the Ministry, the teachers and the educational publishers, could easily approve those existing school books which are of indispensable value and allocate the paper necessary to keep them in print as a first charge against the supplies allotted to the publishing trade. In the production of new books, which are so badly wanted to match up with the new conditions in the schools, at present the educational publisher of standing and experience is hamstrung, because all his paper quota is absorbed in reprinting his existing list. But once this question of reprints has been settled, the schools would not want for new material, consonant with their own new outlook and organisation.

7, Westcombe Park Road, S.E.3. DAVID HOPKINSON

B.B.C. RELIGION

SIR,—Mr. J. W. Harries is justified in his protest against the crude stuff that is often put out in religious broadcasts during Children's Hour. There are things that should not be said even to children! It is not right to take advantage of their defencelessness. Not only is the presentation needlessly crude, but statements are constantly made without any qualification, with an air 'of course this is quite true,' which are almost certainly quite untrue. Sometimes they are such as even intelligent Christians do not accept. The Bible stories of the infancy and childhood of Jesus, although almost certainly pure legend, are presented as so much history. I cannot see that the presentation of religion to children by the B.B.C. is one bit more enlightened than the Sunday School teaching I had over 50 years ago. The more intelligent children later shake it off. Why should they have to? A. H. MAY

87 Meadvale Road, Ealing, W.5.

SIR,—Your correspondent is aggrieved by children being taught, under the auspices of the B.B.C., that God sent His Son to be a sacrifice for the sins of the world. This central Christian truth, which is engaging the affectionate adoration of millions at this season, is one without which Christianity would cease to have any meaning. It can surely occasion no surprise that, in a Christian country, it should be taught to our children, whether over the radio or otherwise. The doctrine of the Atonement is "an anvil which has broken many hammers" in the past, and there is encouragement to believe that it may survive the objurgations of even your esteemed correspondent.

On one point, however, I imagine that we should agree. It seems to me, as a layman, quite unfair that the B.B.C. should give no opportunity for the expression of contrary views. I have repeatedly advocated in the Church Assembly, of which I happen to be a member, that there should be free and open debate on the radio concerning the facts which underlie the Christian faith. The limits of propriety, in such debate, I am quite sure our Rationalist friends would observe. I advocate this course in the interests of fair play, and also because I have not the slightest fear but that the Christian faith, adequately stated and defended, will emerge triumphantly, as it always has done in the past. J. H. HIGGINSON,

Vice-Chairman, Christian Evidence Society.

FRENCH COMMUNISTS

SIR,—In his "Paris Diary" Critic writes:

> Thorez is an excellent working-class leader. Over here (i.e., in Paris) people still talk about his betrayal of France and flight to Moscow in the early part of the war. *They forget* that he did not escape in order to avoid fighting for France, but to escape prison, where Daladier was shutting up all the Communist leaders . . .

The italics are mine, and so is the type of bad memory which Critic sets out to correct. For in my recollection the reason for Daladier's shutting up of Communist leaders in September, 1939, was their call to the people to sabotage the Rich Man's War; to refuse to fight for British Imperialism, and so on. It may be true that Thorez did not go to Moscow as a deserter, but it is equally true that he and his colleagues did in that period all in their power to turn French soldiers into deserters, and that they bear a responsibility equal to that of the Fifth Column of the Right for the collapse of French morale in 1940. Communist leaders called for resistance in France, not when their own country was attacked, but when Russia was attacked.

As the memory of the majority of Frenchmen is as bad as mine (for I happened to be there at the time) they are unlikely to accept Critic's corrected version of the events; and they will keep on asking themselves what further surprises that "excellent working-class leader" and his comrades in the Politbureau have in store for them at the next national emergency.

The brutal truth about France, which Critic will never admit even to himself, is the fact that its numerically strongest party today is one whose policy is not controlled by its membership, but by a foreign Power. The tragic implications for the French people and for the fate of Europe in general are obvious; and the slurring over of unpalatable facts, however well meant, has never yet averted a tragedy.

ARTHUR KOESTLER.

[Critic writes: If I had been writing a leading article instead of making a point in a Diary, I should have said, as this journal has said many times, that the Communist line in 1939–41 was utterly mistaken. I do not agree that it was because of this line that the Communist leaders were locked up in France; the line merely gave an excuse for which the Right was waiting. As for Moscow control of the Communists, the dangers, I agree, are obvious. My argument, supported by British observers in Paris who are as opposed to Communism as Mr. Koestler himself, was that the best chance for France is to increase the national responsibility of the largest electoral party. They are Frenchmen as well as Communists.—Ed. *N. S. & N.*]

CATHOLIC CONTROVERSY.

SIR,—On p. 169 of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for March 15th, 1947, Critic offers some estimates of the late Dr. Coulton with which not all may agree—e.g., I do not easily feel that writers who are "vitriolic" are "altogether delightful." But it is one reference that puzzles me. Critic "picked up a book which consisted of a violent onslaught on the inaccuracy and prejudice of the Abbé Gascoigne's account of the Reformation." (The Abbé is mentioned again below.) True, I do not know all upon whom Dr. Coulton may have made violent onslaughts, but can it be that his controversy with Abbot (better known as Cardinal) Gasquet is alluded to? Dr. Coulton enjoyed no better than most men acknowledging his own, or his sources', inaccuracies: but I recall that the late Fr. Thurston once wrote that probably in any ten consecutive pages on Dr. H. C Lea's book on Auricular Confession "10 palpable blunders may be unearthed," and that Dr. Coulton replied: "I defy you to find even a single patent blunder" in any ten pages which then, at his request, Prof. G. E. Moore chose from that book. Fr. Thurston more than made good his "challenge" (see *The Month*; Jan. and Feb., 1937 and again in Oct. of that year). Dr. Coulton disputed none of the 15 blunders found in 11½ pages, and frankly said: "I am free to confess that Fr. Thurston has damaged Lea's accuracy in those 10 pages more than I expected" (*Sectarian History*, p. 83; 1937). It was, then, a pity to have pronounced, before examination, that the challenge was "libellous and false to a ludicrous and almost inconceivable degree." But he may have written this while still "infuriated" by the inaccuracies of the Abbé. C. C. MARTINDALE

Ego, Hunger and Aggression

A Revision of Freud's Theory and Method

F. S. PERLS

● The book should be of great interest and value to the psychiatrist, psychologist and medical practitioner, also to dental surgeons, sociologists and politicians. Though it challenges orthodox conclusions, it does constructively offer a new theoretical outlook, and is original and stimulating. 12*s.* 6*d. net*

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

New Impressions Now Ready

ROBERT NEUMANN

THE INQUEST

Storm Jameson: "This is a great book. It is a note which has not been struck in English letters, and I cannot but think that it will reverberate very profoundly." 8*s.* 6*d.*

SCENE IN PASSING

Daniel George in Tribune: "To read *Scene in Passing* is an exquisite and memorable pleasure." 6*s.*

HUTCHINSON INTERNATIONAL AUTHORS, LTD

EASTER EGGS *will be scarce enough this year, but your children will be delighted with a lasting Easter present in the shape of a book with drawings by*

Mervyn Peake

GRIMM'S HOUSEHOLD TALES

"The conjunction of the fertile imagination of Mervyn Peake and the vein of comedy and tragedy, of beauty and grotesquerie of the Brothers Grimm forms one of the most interesting and delightful editions of the fairy tales."—*Books of the Month.* 10*s.* 6*d. net*

CAPTAIN SLAUGHTERBOARD DROPS ANCHOR

"The very spirit of delight . . . full of fantastic, island creatures and enchanting devilish faces."—*News Chronicle.*

"A perfect joy. The drawings are exuberant, fantastic, with a wealth of detail, humour, and surprise."—*Tribune.* 7*s.* 6*d. net*

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

TO BE PUBLISHED IN APRIL

John Wildman

PLOTTER & POSTMASTER

A Study of the English Republican Movement in the Seventeenth Century

by

MAURICE ASHLEY

The little-known life of the man whom Disraeli described in *Sybil* as "the soul of English politics" between 1640 and 1688.

Illustrated 15*s.*

JONATHAN CAPE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE great Oxford edition of Wordsworth, planned and all but finished by Prof. Ernest de Selincourt, has now reached its third volume. When he died in May, 1943, the copy for the last three volumes was almost ready for printing: their completion was left to Miss Helen Darbishire, who understood his methods and purposes; she had been consulted in all the earlier stages, and knew the material minutely. His death, therefore, meant no change, no break, no bathos.

This is obviously not an edition for every reader, or for any reader all the time. Arnold's principle remains true that, to be enjoyed and seen for the great poet he was, Wordsworth should be read in selections, "relieved of a great deal of the poetical baggage" which in full editions encumbers him.

> Two voices are there: one is of the deep—
> It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous melody,
> Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,
> Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep;
> And one is of an old, half-witted sheep
> Which bleats articulate monotony,
> And indicates that two and one are three,
> That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep;
> And, Wordsworth, both are thine.

In the Oxford edition, which retains Wordsworth's own final arrangement of the poems in what he intended to be a psychological system of grouping, the two voices are often speaking on the same page; the bleats interrupt the melody; and the *apparatus criticus* below reveals how the words of either voice were subject to revision. Even the Solitary Reaper sings with half a dozen variants.

Yet once the reader's purpose of straight immediate enjoyment of the great poems has been superseded, and questions begin to be asked, this edition becomes absolutely essential. It will be remembered that Prof. de Selincourt began his work with the edition of *The Prelude*, in which he printed for the first time in full the two versions, the original of 1805-6 and the published revision of 1850, running parallel side by side on opposite pages, so that either all the changes could be viewed comprehensively as one went along, or else one version could be followed through entirely by itself. *The Prelude* supplies the extreme example of what happened more or less to all the poems. A full *variorum* edition is part of the story of the "Growth of a Poet's Mind." Louisa, of Volume II, for instance, is in 1807 "ruddy, fleet and strong,"

> And down the rocks can leap along
> Like rivulets in May.

In 1843, when timid, bonneted, ringleted, clinging and fainting girls were in fashion, the lines read:—

> Though by a sickly taste betrayed,
> Some will dispraise the lovely maid,
> With fearless pride I say
> That she is healthful, fleet and strong.

Then in 1849, when the Forties' girl was expiring in the total incapacity of Dora Copperfield, the original text came back, only reading "nymph-like" for "ruddy."

In the past thirty years Wordsworthian scholars and critics have altered the old portrait of "Daddy Wordsworth" almost beyond recognition; so that there is now perhaps a new danger that unwary readers may come to think that all the Daddyisms and bleatings belong to the period of decline, and that the years before 1807 were purely golden. A new volume of the collected poems suggests again that all the later poems can well be left to curious anthologists, historians and scouts for Museums of Taste; and that there is plenty in the early years alone to absorb a reader concerned about poetry, the problems of style and of creation. This third volume contains a great deal written after 1807—the whole of the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, the *Memorials* of the Tours of 1814, 1820 and 1837, the Duddon series, many later Miscellaneous Sonnets and so on—but leaving all this aside, and keeping to *The White Doe of Rylstone* and what was written before it, the two voices are still found talking side by side, not only on next-door pages, or on the same page, but even in the same poem: and unmistakably, without any risk of confusion with anybody else, Wordsworth, both are thine.

A single group of poems will illustrate the problems which this volume revives. The *Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803*, as finally arranged contains one of the best-known and most-loved of all Wordsworth's poems, *The Solitary Reaper*. It was not, in fact, written till 1805; but few of the poems in the group were written in the actual year of the tour; they were mostly memorials in the sense of recollections; the original experiences belonged to the time of the tour and, in the case of the *Solitary Reaper*, were later reinforced by the MS. of Wilkinson's *Tour in Scotland*. This poem cannot, therefore, be looked on as isolated by the time or occasion of its writing: it belongs with what surrounds it, and there, judged as a complete poem, it stands absolutely alone, with qualities that the other poems do not even approach. There are certain preliminary gropings in the verses *To a Highland Girl*, which sway between cottagey detail and the imputed splendour which makes the Reaper so impressive:

> Thou art to me but as a wave
> Of the wild sea; and I would have
> Some claim upon thee, if I could . . .

The other poems of the group are in quite a different mood, as well as on another level of achievement. But one of them, *The Blind Highland Boy*, contains in itself so many contrasts, uncertainties and failures in proportion and taste, so much oddly assorted imagery, that it makes an excellent starting-point for reconsiderations.

This poem, it will be remembered, is presented in form as if spoken to children by the fireside at Grasmere. It is a simple tale of a boy, blind from birth, who is brought up on the shore of a sea-loch where ocean-going ships come in. He is fired by sailors' stories and the sounds of ships, with a desire to go to sea himself; but his mother forbids him. Then one day, when he is ten, he secretly puts off from shore alone in a turtle-shell (or washing-tub); he is carried a quarter of a mile out by the tide; he has a moment of delighted ecstasy; he is brought back by men in a rowing boat and is thenceforth reconciled to living on shore. The poem is mostly in verse of appalling flatness and insipidity, helped out by little tricks of rhetoric designed to rouse the children's interest: but it contains two pieces of writing which have great beauties—the description of the sea-loch in lines 46-70 and a simile in lines 186-190 comparing the boy's rescuers with fowlers going out after wild duck. The first of these was quoted by Coleridge with great approval in his examples of Wordsworth's most characteristically personal writing; and he then asked the very significant question: "Who but a poet tells a tale in such language to the little ones by the fireside?"

The question we would now rather ask is: "Who but Wordsworth would conceive and write this poem as a tale for the little ones at all?" For it is clearly a poem about his one great recurrent theme—the moment of visionary insight which, while it lasts, seems to contain the knowledge of all values, the meaning of life: the moment which always ends:

> You've often heard of magic wands,
> That with a motion overthrow
> A palace of the proudest show,
> Or melt it into air;
>
> So all his dreams—that inward light
> With which his soul had shone so bright—
> all vanished . . .

This poem was, in fact, written in the years between the first part and the last part of the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, and is an exercise in expressing, through different imagery, one of the main ideas of the Ode. Wordsworth's greatest literary problem was to find the symbols appropriate to his own unique vision. He is continually imputing something of it to children and simple people: but in narrative and realistic settings the circumstances can rarely live up to and carry the imputations. There is a constant war raging between the studied simplicity in externals and the complex innocent greatness which is supposed to belong to the persons. The persons are always best when they are most detached from physical details like cottages and armchairs. Not a single adjunct of the solitary reaper is described. The original washing-tub stanza in *The Blind Highland Boy* is a vivid case in point, and I agree with Jeffrey against Lamb that it was intolerable for all its truth to fact:

> But say, what was it? Thought of fear!
> Well may ye tremble when ye hear!
> —A Household Tub, like one of those
> Which women use to wash their clothes,
> This carried the blind Boy.

The purpose of *The Blind Highland Boy* is explained in this one stanza:

> Thus, after he had fondly braved
> The perilous deep, the Boy was saved;
> And, though his fancies had been wild,
> Yet he was pleased and reconciled
> To live in peace on shore.

These few lines, in small flat language, might in any other poet be dismissed as the careless and impatient winding-up of a story which anyway had elements of comicality and bathos. But with Wordsworth they must be taken seriously, and one wonders at the utter failure to emphasise them by imagery or extension. For the matter is not a warning to Grasmere children not to have visions, but the possibility of an ultimate reconciliation with life, when visions have faded: towards that Wordsworth himself was trying to find his way.

His poetic character has been admirably described as the "egotistical sublime." The egotism had a number of very important effects. He was quite abnormally cut off from the ordinary business of living, except in the close circle of his own family and friends. His relationship with Dorothy, fruitful as it was, had round it the atmosphere of the "little secret." What in a close circle is full of profound significance and beauty may seem utterly trivial, meaningless and absurd when published to the world. Wordsworth could not always translate. Jeffrey, as might be expected, charged him with lack of *decorum;* and his offences were worst when the little language of the home was given out ungarnished and undeveloped. When Coleridge was sympathetic big words like "interfused," or remote exciting objects like the tropical turtle-shell were liable to be worked in after a letter or some talk. Surroundings and habit fostered Wordsworth's egotism; and he himself cherished it; for, as he knew, he was creating the taste which would appreciate him: and who was then to know?

In that poem the egotism rises to its full creative greatness. The self on which the poem pivots is now not a poet on a walking-tour or a family-man who has just put down Wilkinson's manuscript: he has forgotten all about the homely accidents of Highland life, and the little language; there is no sought-after description, no touching speculation about the girl's age or family, no Coleridgean philosophising. The circumstantial self has gone, with all his trivialities: the self is a seer. The girl, in a sense is nowhere: everything is imputed to her and half of it is negative or doubtful. In the rich succession of images one Wordsworthian theme after another slips in unmagnified, unextended, unexplained, but each clear and pure and perfectly proportioned. After reading this poem one need ask no questions at all, need puzzle over nothing; but it seems as if, to reach this point, readers had to have *The Blind Highland Boy* to bite on.

There are indeed six variants to *The Solitary Reaper;* but not one of them disturbs the structure or completeness of the poem. The notes at the end of this volume give, of course, Dorothy's description of the reapers they had seen in 1803, the relevant quotation from Wilkinson's *Tour*, and a cross-reference to Wordsworth's poem *To the Spade of a Friend*. The two voices sound even through the Commentary.

HUMPHRY HOUSE

SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS

The Last Days of Hitler. By H. R. TREVOR-ROPER. *Macmillan.* 10s. 6d.

Revelations about the Nazi leaders have often in the past been the preserve of half-baked or well-meaning journalists, persecuted refugees and retired diplomats, none of whom had many pretensions to accuracy. The Intelligence authorities are to be congratulated on their decision not to bury the results of a patient investigation in their files but to permit a trained historian, who served in Intelligence to publish (reaping, I hope, a handsome profit) his own exciting work of detection. Woven from interrogations, diaries, documents and confessions, Mr. Trevor-Roper's book gives an account of the bewildering actions of the Nazi chiefs between the Plot of the 20th of July and the collapse of the Third Reich. Since the author became during the war an expert on the Nazi Party machine he is able to write with experience and assurance, and his historical analysis of events and cross-checking of evidence is a triumph of scientific investigation.

In addition to these professional qualifications he can write narrative and displays a cold and detached insight into human nature. The neglected art of narrative is difficult, for it implies the ability to dominate one's material and yet never to sacrifice accuracy to drama; the story grips and the style is alive—though, understandably enough, the author's powers of metaphor show signs of exhaustion in describing the oriental monsters of the Nazi hierarchy. It is also important to analyse the characters of the Nazi leaders if we are to understand why they acted as they did during their last months of power; why Speer plotted to gas Hitler in his bunker, why he countermanded orders to scorch German earth and yet calmly flew to Berlin to confess all to Hitler a week before the end; why Goebbels, the disciple of Bergson and Sorel, the intellectual who believed little of the Nazi verbiage yet who was convinced that Germany must dominate or perish, chose to die with Hitler; why Himmler, on the other hand, who believed in the whole bag of tricks, in racial theory and Nordic runes in quacks and astrologers, saw no need to commit suicide until capture. The dissection of Himmler's character dispels for ever the vision of the cunning, diabolical power behind the puppet's throne. Himmler emerges as a naïve usher; an efficient executive yet unable to act without orders; not a man of lightning decisions, but hamstrung by doubts for months before he could bring himself to negotiate with Count Bernadotte; not Hitler's *alter ego*, but a man easily ousted from the position of decisive influence by Bormann and dropped by even his own nominees at Court. Moreover, he could never understand why the Allies regarded him as a sadistic fiend. Just as Keynes discovered in President Wilson a theological frame of mind, so Mr. Trevor-Roper interprets Himmler's bestial edicts as the *sancta simplicitas* of the over-logical religious brain, to be found in Inquisitors and persecuting Jesuits prepared to see all humanity writhe in torment so long as the principle of salvation is maintained. Nor is the portrait of Hitler less sagacious, though I am puzzled by a reference to a decision of Hitler's, stated to have been taken in October, 1941, to demobilise forty divisions and increase the production of consumer goods at the expense of armaments in order to advertise his confidence in the speedy success of the Russian campaign. After the losses suffered before Bialystock and Kiev this seems almost incredible. It is a fact that in October, 1940, after the invasion of Britain had been called off and before the Russian plan had matured, Hitler ordered plans to be made of an identical nature. Is it possible that there is a confusion of evidence or was this a regular yearly gambit?

But the book does more than describe the events leading up to Hitler's marriage and suicide. It traces the decline of the Nazi Government into a Court circle from which truth, objective study and ability came to be excluded; of Hitler's physical collapse and the atrophy of his political genius; of his eastern suspicion of everyone who did not protest their loyalty and faith in his omniscience. Nazism became the rule of a Sultan who could explain reverses only by treachery and replaced able generals by sycophants. Mr. Trevor-Roper concludes that dictatorship is a form of government whose success must ultimately run dry, first, because the dictator is unable to fulfil the revolutionary ideal which brings him to power and is driven to rely on secret police; secondly, because he is corrupted by power, shuns bad news, loses his political insight and finally appears to be made mad and destroyed by the gods. This is a comforting theory for democrats, but its validity depends on the nature of the dictator. Dictatorships exist today which have weathered storms; Lenin's and Ataturk's systems still stand. Their chance of survival depends largely on their ability to maintain responsible Cabinet government. Democracies sometimes find this as difficult as dictatorships, and Roosevelt's palace politics produced in miniature the same picture of competing agencies and ministries divided against themselves which we can see in Nazi Germany. But some dictators manage to avoid Court intrigue and Stalin and Salazar appear to abide by the principles of Cabinet government. Nor is the ever-present question of the succession to the dictatorship necessarily fatal. The Nazi thugs accepted Doenitz's elevation with docility.

The author poses one last question: How was it possible for the German people to put into power and endure these tyrants? He rightly, in my opinion, dismisses the suggestion that "unconditional surrender" greatly influenced the issue. (Have those who attack this policy considered the reaction of the Soviets to an attempt by the Western Allies to negotiate with any of the groups of the July Plot? The worst that can be said is that it had an evil psychological effect, not on the Germans, but on the Allies in their post-war plans.) He finds the answer in the disillusionment of the Germans with politics. They are indifferent, not because they are hereditarily incapable, but because they have seen the strong triumph and the liberals and democrats fail. Yet, surely, the causes lie ever deeper. They are to be found in the class structure of Germany, in the lack of a politically powerful middle class educated in local government. And the class structure in turn depends on the economic development of the country which leads one to the accident which gave Prussia the Ruhr, to the economic consequences of the Thirty Years' War and back through the long and painful history of Germany, to the study of which this book is an enlightening contribution.

NOEL ANNAN

THE IRISH STAGE

The Irish Theatre. By PETER KAVANAGH. *The Kerryman.* 21s.

Dr. Kavanagh's study of the Irish Theatre before Yeats, printed on appropriately ponderous paper which makes it a real pleasure to lay down, is one of those scholarly works whose principal delight is the number and irrelevance of the contrapuntal meditations they arouse in their readers. It covers exhaustively a subject as interesting as the architectural history of Slough, I regret to say with no omission of which I was aware, unless it be Barry, the author of *Ram Alley*, whose surname suggests that he was a native of Mr. Knox's country. Even the compositor seems to have allowed his fancy to wander, and we occasionally come on a sentence such as "Sir Harry Wildair, the main character, was acted by Wilks, whose talents suited this part extremely well, and, as a result of his brilliant acting of Sir Harry, it is not published a number of letters in a miscellany entitled *Familiar and* by it."

The subject is the trouble. If one must consider nationality in literature—a sufficiently unreal occupation unless one is prepared simultaneously to consider all the other delimiting factors such as religion, class and income group—it must be a literature which is recognisably national. Irish literature is not. No doubt Farquhar was as good an Irishman as Dr. Kavanagh or myself, but what is the point of dealing with him as such, when between one textbook and the next I don't even remember whether he was Irish or not? Congreve is the Mozart of the theatre, but was he born in Ireland and educated in England, or the other way round? Again I know I shall forget it within a week because it is entirely irrelevant to any consideration of Congreve as an artist. Goldsmith writes the words "*Our* actors," and a moment's reflection satisfies the reader that this is a chapter of English dramatic history.

Instead, I find myself wondering why conquest should reduce both conquerors and conquered to provincialism, and why Farquhar, Goldsmith, Sheridan and Shaw couldn't have written for a Dublin theatre. Is it, as Dr. Kavanagh once put it to me in a phrase far more vivid than any in his book that, "when a man finds himself in a dirty hotel, he doesn't try to kill the fleas; he leaves the hotel?" But then why is it that we cannot imagine Yeats, Synge and Lady Gregory as doing anything else but trying to kill the fleas? Why, after their deaths, can one not imagine the Irish theatre except as drifting aimlessly back into a province of the West End? When one is dealing with a subject so vague and impalpable, one can do so only by imposing general ideas upon it, and it is not until Dr. Kavanagh discusses Goldsmith's *Enquiry* that he finds a general idea which excites him. "Our actors," wrote Goldsmith, "assume all that state off the stage which they do on it; and to use an expression borrowed from *The Green Room*, every one is *up* in his part. I am sorry to say it, they seem to forget their real characters; more provoking still, the public seem to forget them too." This sort of thing, of course, was common form even in Shakespeare's day, but I think Dr. Kavanagh is right when he supposes that Goldsmith was expressing a strict critical judgment, and that the dictatorship of actors like Garrick has already made the literary theatre a thing of the past. For the future, only powerful, insolent natures like Shaw and Wilde, who could outact the actors, would win themselves a hearing in the theatre. The sensitive and lyrical ones like Yeats and Synge could have succeeded only in a provincial theatre like the Abbey, where Yeats could solemnly discuss whether or not actors should be confined in barrels and Lady Gregory could rehearse them with books on their heads.

FRANK O'CONNOR

AN INTELLECTUAL WOBBLE

But to What Purpose. By E. L. GRANT WATSON. *Cresset Press.* 12s. 6d.

This book makes sad but lively reading. Hag-ridden by the idea of a mechanical and chance-blown universe Mr. Grant Watson's life is a record of a search, both conscious and unconscious, for a more consoling system of belief, for some assurance that even the shells lying on Australasian shores lie there to some purpose. Meaning and significance at all costs, he seems to say; and when, after a mood of transcendental calm he is unexpectedly chased by a rogue camel only to escape and laugh, not out of hysteria but out of gladness, he feels that the night has spoken to him—though to what purpose he is not sure. His cast of mind is very like that of Jacobsen, the Danish novelist, author of that most adolescent of great books, *Niels Lhyne*. They were both natural historians, both loved and hated the Darwinian ideas, both wrote novels, both felt themselves crippled by the ideals and illusions of the society in which they lived: God the Father, honesty is the best policy, good and evil have their rewards and punishments. It is natural for such men to believe that Nietzsche

was at his greatest when he was sceptical of his own scepticism. The old shams dead they cry out for new shams to worship and Mr. Grant Watson follows a not unfamiliar pattern when he flirts with a belief in reincarnation and, later, with the anthroposophical ideas of Rudolph Steiner.

Where does all this lead to? For one thing it leads to an all-out attack on the artificial insemination of cattle. He is particularly indignant about the use of Stilboestrol, an injection which can be given to a virgin heifer so that the animal will produce milk without the usual preliminary of calf-bearing. Whatever advantage this may have, says Mr. Grant Watson, is discounted by the quality of the milk that is produced in this abnormal way; given to children it causes precocious sexuality and a tendency to masturbate.

Such statements are bound to make us suspicious of the author's credentials. What is the truth of the matter? Research scientists being nothing if not humorous, a rumour was going the rounds, shortly after the discovery of Stilboestrol, that males engaged in its preparation were growing breasts and secreting milk. Mr. Grant Watson seems to have got hold of a professional joke, in some distorted form or other, and allowed his philosophy to run away with him. Needless to say, there is no scientific evidence whatsoever for his remarks and if they had not been so much of a piece with the intellectual approach of the rest of the book there would have been no need to make so much of them.

Fortunately for us, however, there is a great deal of straightforward narrative in this autobiography that is unspoiled by such impetuosity. His account of the Australian bush and its aboriginal inhabitants, of magic and superstition in the Fiji Islands, of a trip to Norway in 1936, are well-written and memorable. As a child he attended a crank school run by a bearded headmaster whose ideas were derived from Walt Whitman and Emerson; and here the boy went through experiences that, later in life, prevented the news of concentration camp horrors from assaulting his imagination too violently. All this is well set down—and something more, for he writes with a lack of guile that, in spite of all the hard things one ought to say, is very disarming. He describes a snakeskin hanging on the wall which, year after year, continues to shed "a thin, transparent, diaphanous skin of loosely connected scales." No bad description of his book.

P. H. NEWBY

COMMUNIST CHINA

Report from Red China. By HARRISON FORMAN. *Robert Hale.* 15s.

Journey to Red China. By ROBERT PAYNE. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

Books written by newspaper correspondents are not generally of any permanent value; even the best of them are useful only so long as the events they describe are of importance, and in the present conditions of delayed publication most are out of date before they are available. I must confess, then, that I began to read Mr. Forman's book without enthusiasm. Nevertheless, despite the fact that it describes a journey which he carried out nearly three years ago, this account of Communist China is still very worth while reading. Mr. Forman, who is an American citizen and was previously *The Times* correspondent in Chungking, is a careful observer, and has taken great care to be objective. He has, however, a slight tendency to be mysterious. There is, for instance, no secrecy about the identity of the American doctor who prefers to be known as Ma Hai-teh. He does not, as Mr. Forman states, refuse to disclose that his real name is Dr. George Hatem. Most of Mr. Forman's main findings are corroborated by those of Mr. Robert Payne, who, in several earlier books, has shown himself to be the most sensitive and accurate interpreter of modern China at present writing in the English language.

What everybody wants to know about is the connection, if any, between Communist China and Russia. "For Americans," says Mr. Forman (and this book is addressed primarily to his own countrymen), "Communism has always been a big bogy. The average American will grudgingly admit that the Russians have done a pretty good job at fighting the Nazis, but he still wants no truck with their Communists." Two questions arise, then, in considering the Chinese Communists: First, what is their connection with Soviet Russia? Second, how Communist *are* these Chinese Communists? Mr. Forman replies:—

> In the five months I spent with the Chinese Communists I saw not the slightest tangible connection with Russia. There were no Russian supplies—no guns, planes, or equipment. There were no Russian military or political advisers.

In reply to the second question, Mr. Forman says:—

> The Chinese Communists are not Communists—not according to the Russian definition of the term. They do not, at the present time, either advocate or practise Communism. It is true that in the early days, when the Chinese Communist Party was founded, Marxian Leninism constituted the philosophy and the practical guide of that party. But, as the years moved on, the C.C.P. found it increasingly hard to persuade the individualistic Chinese peasant to exchange his ambition to be master of his own little patch of land for faith in the new-fangled collectivism. Repeated compromises were required, until today the Chinese Communists are no more Communistic than we Americans are.

This assessment is confirmed by Mr. Payne; and in neither of these two books have I discovered any evidence to suggest that the Chinese Communist Administration contains any of those features which, in the Soviet counterpart, are so disturbing to all who believe in democracy. There is, however, one important point which seems to have escaped both these observers. The area at present controlled by the Communists is comparatively small. The Communist movement has developed chiefly in this particular area, and there is, at any rate at present, no opposition to the regime. In the event of a Communist victory, however, it is by no means certain that the party would not immediately introduce those very measures—common enough in the Kuomintang-controlled areas—the absence of which have surprised all recent visitors to Yenan. It seems the only hope for China lies in some sort of compromise between the Communists and the Kuomintang, which might eventually result in a liberal democracy. But whether, in the present disordered state of the country, such a thing is possible is anybody's guess.

Mr. Payne's book, which is much the better of these two, is the result of a short visit he paid to two of the Communist areas last year; and while he does not attempt to cover as much ground as Mr. Forman, these "traveller's notes," as he modestly calls them, will give pleasure long after the events they describe have ceased to be of interest. Unlike Mr. Forman, Robert Payne does not concern himself with statistics and the like:

> I am interested in people and their behaviour and the stories they told, whether they were telling the truth or lying, how well they fed, what enjoyment they took in life and what hopes they had in the future. And to me they seemed good people, conscious of their responsibilities, who did not tell lies and fed reasonably well because the food was reasonably well distributed, who possessed amazing hope in the future and took their enjoyment from it. They asked help from no one. They were prepared to stand on their own feet, and they were proud of it. In a very

RACHEL
by MARCH COST
A novel about the great French 19th century actress whose private life was as crowded with drama as the rôles she played. By the author of *A Man Named Luke.*
10s. 6d.

THE RUMOUR IN THE FOREST
MADELEINE COUPPEY
A distinguished novel by a new French writer.
7s. 6d.
COLLINS

HODDER & STOUGHTON
have just published for
THE TIMES
TRUE AND ETERNAL
Through the Christian Year from the pages of THE TIMES
8/6 net
HODDER & STOUGHTON

Two New Volumes in Everyman's Library. Each 4s. net
Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass
An entirely new edition, edited by Dr. Emory Holloway, containing in 512 pages all Whitman's poems.
Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding
No. 984. An abridgment of Locke's famous essay, made especially for *Everyman* by Raymond Wilburn. 384 pages.
Coming Shortly
Everyman's Dictionary of Music
Compiled by ERIC BLOM
An entirely new book of reference, 10,000 entries including composers, titles of works, musical terms, past performers, other musical personalities, literary references, institutions, instruments, national anthems, etc. *720 pages. 10s. 6d. net*
DENT

H. R. Trevor-Roper
THE LAST DAYS OF HITLER
"A brilliant and penetrating study of dictatorship in dissolution." *Spectator.*
"A triumph." J. B. PRIESTLEY in the *Bookman.* 10s. 6d.
William C. Bullitt
THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF
By a former United States Ambassador to the U.S.S.R. "There has never been a more outspoken assault upon the U.S.S.R." SYDNEY W. CARROLL in the *Daily Graphic.* 8s. 6d.
★
MACMILLAN

definite sense they seemed the forerunners of the future.

Journey to Red China seems to me the best book Mr. Payne has so far written. It is very short, and free from the verbosity which has marred some of his earlier work. On page 116 there is a curious error which should be corrected in future editions. The Japanese word *tatami* is translated in a footnote as "Raised Japanese flowers." *Tatami* is, of course, the thick matting used to cover the floors of Japanese houses.

JOHN MORRIS

MYSTICS

Poets and Pundits. By HUGH I'ANSON FAUSSET. *Jonathan Cape.* 12s. 6d.

This book, marvellous to relate, is by the author of *A Modern Prelude* and *The Proving of Psyche*. It deals *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. There are essays or addresses on Whitman, Gerard Hopkins, Donne, Edmund Blunden, Kierkegaard, Rabindranath Tagore, Tom Paine, and heaven knows whom besides. It is not till towards the end that one begins to perceive the mysticism which binds the whole into a kind of loose unity.

For myself, though I found enjoyment in many of the articles, the most interesting, at least on the first reading, was that entitled "The Augustan Citadel," in which Mr. Fausset makes an attempt to revitalise the eighteenth century. He has even a soft spot in his heart for Pomfret's "Choice"—though this, I think, as being nothing but Cowley's "Wish" pilfered and worsened, can hardly be regarded as truly representing its century. It is true that, as Johnson says, no poem was better known at that time; but this simply means that it suited ordinary people in their more comfortable hours, when they could lounge without thinking. Pomfret is no more "representative" of his era than Mrs. Hemans or Tupper of early Victorianism.

From this point Mr. Fausset passes on to discuss Pope; but he has not altered my opinion that he was like Dryden in Milton's view, a good rhymester but a bad poet. In particular his "Essay on Man" which seems to exert a fascination over Mr. Fausset, is at best a clever collection of platitudes, and if one wants to see the difference between rhyming and poetry, one has only to read "Adonais" or "Epipsychidion" after it. But everyone should read what Mr. Fausset has to say about Tom Paine—at first sight an even prosier performer than Pope himself: this essay reveals liberal and comprehensive study.

As to the rest of the work, it contains much to interest even people like me, to whom mysticism is a closed book; and every now and then it stirs admiration. It is not easy to imagine Kierkegaard or Rabindranath Tagore better analysed than they are in the essays Mr. Fausset devotes to them; and here and there, in practically every one of the other articles, there occurs something to illuminate the mind or soothe the spirit. In fact, for those who can manage to unearth that amount of mysticism which lurks, I suppose, hidden in every one of us, this book will bring much help. There are times when we all feel that the material world is not only an illusion but a dangerous deception. For such times Mr. Fausset is a real guide; and, though few will be able to keep up with him for long, the ability to look back upon such moments is a precious possession.

But I have one complaint to make. Why cannot Mr. Fausset write in plainer English? Why cannot he—to use a phrase of his own—"reduce his meaning to the dimensions his thesis requires?" To reckon the multitude of sentences which I find hard to understand, and even whole pages in which I have failed to discover the sense, would be impossible. There are phrases like "torpid one-ness," which sound very grand, but which few readers can interpret; and the fatal word "integral" recurs dozens of times, when the author can think of nothing clearer, or when he feels compelled to put in some adjective or other, whether he knows an appropriate one or not. How much wiser are we when we read that Rilke "accepted the realm of nature" and that he "tried to transform it until the fact flowered in the symbol," or that we are living in an age choked with thought, an age in which the abstract intelligence without inwardness transforms the real into virtuosity?" Even the following comparatively simple sentence needs two or three readings for full comprehension: "How much does the cultivated materialist leave out which is essential to an integral view of things."

Mr. Fausset knows Latin. If he would translate his work into Lucretian style, he might then, by re-translating, give us something like the clarity of Hume of Berkeley, and we should be grateful.

E. E. KELLETT

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

to any address in the world.

Yearly, 32s. 6d.; Six months, 16s. 3d.; Three months, 8s. 6d.

By Air to any country in Europe, £3 yearly.

Canada and U.S.A., Air Edition £3 15s. ($15), yearly; Six months, £2 ($8).

Surface Edition, $8 yearly; Six months, $4.

Subscriptions may be remitted to BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC., 150 East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.

To other countries by special quotation.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½*d.; Foreign,* 1*d. Canada,* 1*d.*

JOHN CITIZEN AND THE LAW

John Citizen and the Law. By RONALD RUBINSTEIN. *Pelican Books.* 2s.

"Being asked the way to the workhouse by a needy-looking man," wrote a correspondent to *John Bull*, "I gave him a shilling. Judge of my surprise, as a local preacher and a life-long teetotaller, when he turned into the next pub, into which I followed in a useless effort to get my money back. What were my legal rights?"

Inevitably, this found its way into "This England"; and aptly, it heads Chapter 2 (Legal Rights and Obligations) of Mr. Rubinstein's admirable "double Pelican." The chapter headnotes, indeed, are a joy in themselves, and they nearly all epitomise some hoary principle, misconception, or puzzlement about the law that will be familiar to lawyers and laymen alike.

It is a book for laymen, certainly, but the author is too apologetic and cautious about it. "You must not for one moment think that *Every Man his own Legal Adviser* would be a suitable alternative title for this book," he says; "I would rather that the alternative title should be, *Why is This the Law?*" He is perhaps wise to insist that it is only a "sketchy outline" of the law, but it will enable many a man to understand why the law has done or failed to do something to him in a particular instance. And *Every Man's Own Lawyer* is the confident title of a long-established and more ambitious book which is to be seen on the shelves of many a practising lawyer (to say nothing of the lawyers who prudently keep it in a drawer).

Mr. Rubinstein is mainly concerned with the civil as distinct from the criminal law, because he hopes that John Citizen is more likely to feel the impact of the former (sale of goods, insurance, cheques, trespass, libel, bankruptcy, divorce, wills, and so on) than of the latter. This pro-

The Attack on St. Nazaire

By Commander R. E. D. RYDER, V.C., R.N.

Preface by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Forbes, G.C.B.

All that went to make and accomplish this gallant exploit is described in stirring detail by the Commander of the naval forces that were engaged in it.

Illustrations and Diagrams. 6s. net

Words Ancient and Modern

By Professor ERNEST WEEKLEY

Professor Weekley's two works "Words Ancient and Modern" and "More Words Ancient and Modern" have been combined, revised, and extended in this volume to include his latest discoveries in word lore. 7s. 6d. net

John Murray

G. G. COULTON

Europe's Apprenticeship

A Survey of Medieval Latin with Examples

An important work, designed both for the student of Medieval Latin and for those who are interested in the beginnings of modern Europe.

8s. 6d. net.

SIR EDMUND WHITTAKER

Space and Spirit

Theories of the Universe and the Arguments for the Existence of God

"In this book one of the master minds draws together some of the absolute insights we now seem to have obtained into the total world of physical reality." *Scotsman.*

6s. net.

NELSON

ALAMEIN TO ZEM ZEM

by Keith Douglas

Keith Douglas was one of the finest poets of the late war, in which he was killed. This book is the record, with a few names changed, of his experiences as a junior tank officer in the Western Desert, and includes also some of his poems and drawings.

Ready 27th of March. 8/6

THE P L YEARBOOK OF JAZZ, 1946

edited by Albert McCarthy

This jazz anthology gives a comprehensive view of the jazz situation in Europe as well as in this country and America; it has photographs, reviews, record lists and articles by the foremost authorities on jazz all over the world, including one on Fats Waller by Hugues Pannassié.

Ready 27th of March. 8/6

PL

EDITIONS POETRY LONDON

MASTERS OF FRENCH ART

PICASSO 1939-1946

Introduction by John Russell

MATISSE 1939-1946

Introduction by Denys Sutton

CÉZANNE

Introduction by Benedict Nicolson

Each of these volumes contains 16 mounted coloured plates, and a very high standard of colour printing has been reached. Further volumes in preparation include Renoir, Van Gogh, and Chagall.

25/- each

LINDSAY DRUMMOND

vokes one's only serious criticism; in face of the multiplicity of technical offences that John can commit today without "guilty knowledge," some space might have been found to forewarn him (especially as a motorist) of the commoner dangers that beset him. The conception held by some motorists of the laws that govern them at the wheel is composed of a few dozen mutually contradictory fallacies. To make room for this in a book already immensely long at the price, the author could perhaps have left out Income Tax (too vast a subject to be dealt with in this compass), arbitrations, and the chapter on "How to Become a Lawyer." Even the very slight attention he gives to the criminal law, moreover, allows him to refer many times to the "Police Court" (which has been called "Magistrate's Court" for two years now, by way of getting rid of a name with unfortunate implications), and to represent the police as properly expecting that embezzling employees will be prosecuted "privately" by their employers (p. 298). This last suggestion is unfortunate: embezzlement is a felony sometimes difficult to distinguish from larceny, but there is not the slightest reason why the unfortunate employer who goes to the police about it should be told to get on with the prosecution himself. If he does, and his man is acquitted, he will get no costs and will wonder why he pays rates for a police force and taxes for a Director of Public Prosecutions. Many prosecutors are in fact fobbed off like this, and Mr. Rubinstein, who had a chance to put them wise, has merely lent his authority to what goes on.

But what is this? Grumbling, carping about the best "popular" account of everyday law that has ever appeared at the price? Where else would John Citizen learn that, when he travels with a workman's ticket, the railway company can refuse him any compensation if he is hurt in a train-smash? Or that the railway porter who takes charge of your luggage is your personal agent, the company disowning any liability for damage or loss until your property is in the luggage van? Mr. Rubinstein is vigorous about railways, who exact a cloakroom charge but accept no responsibility when they lose the goods you deposit with them, who disclaim all liability for unpunctuality due even to wilful delay, and who abuse the law of contract by making you pay full fare when you forget your season-ticket. This sort of thing gives his book a liveliness which, while it will enrage an occasional pundit, will delight and instruct John Citizens in their thousands. They'll be the better for it; a little learning may be a dangerous thing; but none at all is, in these days, a suicidal peril to which no man should be exposed.

C. H. ROLPH

YESTERDAY'S CRUSADER

Hugh Dormer's Diaries. *Jonathan Cape.* 8s. 6d.

This book is a soldier's diary. It recalls the essays and journals of Lady Marchmain's brother, Ned, in *Brideshead Revisited*, which all exhaled the same "high-spirited, serious, chivalrous, other-worldly air" as if in the 1914-18 war Ned and his brothers were "garlanded victims, devoted to the sacrifice."

For the effect is one of naïvety. The ideas and principles which Hugh Dormer has been brought up to believe and which he feels to be challenged for the first time include: "the traditions of the Army, the security of classes and the respect of man for his superiors." On his special missions in Europe before D-Day, although he led them faithfully and well, he describes himself as being "among a band of rather desperate men, Foreign Legionaries, Communists and the like . . ." And in returning to the Brigade of Guards for the Invasion he feels his former companions to have possessed no loyalties anywhere, having "already played the same game in South America, and the Foreign Legion and Spain. And that is a very selfish life in itself and appeals more to hatred of the enemy than love of one's country."

Hugh Dormer is a typical example of those likeable young men who never really knew what the war was about, or what they were fighting for and against. So far as he was concerned it seems to have appeared a nationalist war, inspired on both sides by love of country and in which "both sides, though enemies, had fought as brave men and deserved the equal honours of war."

His book in consequence reads like a boys' adventure story. He was a cool intrepid leader on his special missions, which he describes modestly and in prose which is clear and competent. He enjoyed life but had an almost fatalistic disregard for death. He thought of his men before himself and was pious, honest, and popular. He was awarded the D.S.O. and represented with distinction that small, valuable class of courageous, active, intelligent but not too thoughtful men, who in all armies have made up "the best type of officer," or Lawrence Durrell's:

> Michael the Englishman of the small bone
> Simple and pure as water in a spoon,
> God lend our England such a one.

His book is a useful record of a class to which in wars we owe much.

One's final image is however of the Crusader, living in his own heart a thirteenth-century crusade within a twentieth-century war, his dangers and missions giving an impression of knight-errantry, and the motive that led him back to his battalion for the battles of 1944 being a simple, feudal affection for his men. It is a Crusader's cry with which he opens his journal: "All, all is being swept into ruin and dissolution as never before; the very pillars of the West are falling." And he ends with a family motto and the words: "for a long time have I felt a stranger on this earth." One may sympathise but cannot help. He was perhaps fortunate to die, at least while his heart was still comparatively illusioned.

JOHN WALLER

Bolivar and the Independence of Spanish America. By J. B. TREND. *English Universities Press.* 4s. 6d.

Simon Bolivar, the Liberator, was a man of the same calibre as Cromwell or Lenin. A great revolutionary leader, brought up in distant Venezuela, he mastered the philosophy of Europe and applied it, with striking vision and originality, to his struggle to liberate the former Spanish colonies, and to found the modern republics of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Chile and Venezuela. As a political thinker, he drew on Montesquieu, Rousseau—his tutor sought to educate him according to the precepts of *Emile*—Locke and Voltaire: as a soldier, he modelled himself on Napoleon. He knew his Plato, Homer and Plutarch. When, at the height of his career, he had to provide a philosophy for his revolutionary campaigns and constitutions for the new republics, he showed a profound grasp of both classical and contemporary political experience. This man, who never admitted he was beaten, carried his tiny armies from one side of South America to the other, through the swamps of the Orinoco and across the Andes, until the Spaniards were forced to give up the attempt to reconquer their colonies.

Professor Trend, who has written this admirable biography in the *Teach Yourself History* series, has a masterly command of the literature about Bolivar and his background, too little of which is available in English. He brings out vividly the extraordinary personal qualities of the Liberator, his single-minded devotion to his cause, and his amazing military and political capacities. Professor Trend is kinder to Bolivar than some of his biographers; yet the explanation of Bolivar's lapse into personal dictatorship in the last years of his life, which has provoked bitter

THE
ILLUSION
OF
NATIONAL
CHARACTER
Hamilton Fyfe
Of this book BERNARD SHAW wrote: "I have read it from cover to cover. It is a righteous piece of work; and I can appreciate it better than most for all the wars since the Crimean have occurred in my lifetime."
C. E. M. JOAD, in *The New Statesman & Nation*: "A careful examination of the current myth that there exist such beings as the typical German and the typical Englishman . . . . a very admirable piece of work."
Revised and abridged edition
2s. 6d. net
Thinker's Library
C. A. WATTS

HEINEMANN
AN INTRODUCTION TO SOCIAL BIOLOGY
by ALAN DALE
Illustrated 15s.
MORELL MACKENZIE
Story of a Victorian Tragedy
by R. SCOTT STEVENSON
3rd printing Illustrated 15s.
THE GLANDS OF DESTINY
A Study of the Personality
by IVO GEIKIE-COBB
With 23 plates 3rd Edition 15s.
PSYCHOLOGY OF WOMEN
Vol. II—MOTHERHOOD
by HELENE DEUTSCH
Research Books 25s.
MEDICAL BOOKS LTD
100 GREAT RUSSELL ST., W.C.1

Σ
SIGMA
Introductions to Science
WHAT IS ATOMIC ENERGY?
by
K. Mendelssohn, M.A., Ph.D.
The latest addition to the *Introductions to Science* series contains the first popular explanation of the nuclear structure of the atom, making clear to the general reader the difference between ordinary chemical reaction and nuclear changes such as occur in the atom bomb.
Ready April 6s. net

BOOKS
Telephone: EUSton 4282 (5 lines)
Recent Literature and Text-books in Medicine, Science, Technology
FOREIGN DEPT.
Select stock. Books obtained from U.S.A. and the Continent (except Germany, Roumania and Albania)
SECOND-HAND DEPT.
140 GOWER STREET, London, W.C.1
LENDING LIBRARY
Medical, Scientific and Technical Books.
Annual Subscription from
ONE GUINEA
Prospectus free on application
H. K. LEWIS & Co. Ltd.
London: 136, GOWER ST., W.C.1

criticism from writers who profess to admire his earlier career, is both sympathetic and convincing. The desperate effort of a sick and exhausted leader to hold the republics together is less important—except as an explanation of their troubled later history—than Bolivar's vision of a republican confederation, united for common ends and accepting arbitration as a means of settling disputes peacefully. Bolivar, calling the former Spanish colonies to meet regularly in conference at Panama, was a hundred years ahead of his time in this, as in other things. This very readable and balanced book should be a useful introduction to Bolivar for many in England who know little of this resolute and imaginative leader.

Week-end Competitions

No. 892

Set by Roger Marvell

The usual prizes are offered for 12 lines of rhymed advice to a young writer on how not to be "seriously worried" by the desire of his wife or mistress for nylon stockings (see letter on p. 214). Entries by April 8.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 889

Set by Jack Scollop

Once he swallowed for a wager
Bottles six of German lager.—(*Anon.*)

The usual prizes are offered for a ballad of sixteen lines in eye rhymes which are not ear rhymes.

We regret a printers' error in Competition No. 891 set last week. The words "lyric couplets" should, of course, be "heroic couplets."

Report by Jack Scollop

A huge and dazing entry. I can print only a fraction of this mass of ingenuity. I ought to have issued a general warning against the rough, chough, plough, bough, cough motif; and also against the received assonances of respectable verse. Good entries came from L. G. Udall, M. R. Wood, Roland Bibby, V. F., Leslie Johnson, Martin Robertson, Snomis, John Thornton, E. V., Marshall Jones, Reginald Reynolds, Chauve Souris, N. Wishart, R. S. Jaffray, Argus and many others. I award two guineas to Nancy Gunter, and 17/- each to E. W. Fordham, Allan M. Laing, Pamela Ridley, Ray Dawson and R. J. P. Hewison

In haste to rule o'er lands and seas
From Polar caves strides Boreas
To wield his keen, ice-cruel sabre
On bird-forsaken boughs macabre,
Which in the midnight groan and creak
As tho' fair Nature's heart should break,
And, breaking, cry for Spring to lean
From azure vaults empyrean
And with her daisies, lambs and calves
Send new life pulsing thro' its valves
And, smiling, say, "Sad Heart, I came
To whisper 'OPEN SESAME!'"
"To woods o'er long by Winter hushed,
"Where now my forces wait ambushed
Until my gentler reign allows
Earth her flow'rs and Air her swallows."

NANCY GUNTER

A MODERN BALLAD OF ANCIENT DAYS

Erasmus trod the Dover Road,
His step it was light, and his back it was broad:
Like the sunlight's gleam was his conquering smile,
(How true and how just is that sunny simile);
And lo, as he tramped through the driving snow
There met him a maid with a fair white brow:
Her locks were a golden aureole;
(Tis true, and no poet's hyperbole.)
Her clear eyes gleamed like a blue turquoise
When he gave her a charm—'twas a gold tortoise.
Quoth he, "Shall a priest not make us one,
"And our days be passed in an Agapemone?"
Ah! what was their fault, or what their vice?
Say, why were they seized by the Port Police?
A Papist he; his offence was dire—
A writ lay against him of Praemunire.

E. W. FORDHAM

THE POTATO HUNT

I tell of *wives*, not rich like *Dives*,
Who hunt the humble "*tater*";
And stand in *rows* like patient *cows*
Between the wind and *water*.

Though brutes may *smile* at this *simile*,
My theme's not one for *laughter*:
Such is their *mood*, that boils the *blood*
Of every good man's *daughter*.

From store to *store*, not *con amore*,
They tramp with mounting *anger*;
For tubers *are* uncommon *rare*,
Nor sold to any *stranger*.

From frustrate *hope*, they risk *syncope*:
Their cheeks like ripe *tomatoes*:
They shed no *tear*, but how they *swear*,
Sent home without *potatoes!*

ALLAN M. LAING

When the storm-laden clouds are blown
On winter's night, from off the down,
Or in a gentle summer's lull
Some midnight when the moon is full,
Men say there works at Martin's Mead
A ghostly ploughteam long since dead.
No sound disturbs the night air, though
The horses strain before the plough,
And all behind, with visage foul,
The ploughman walks, a damned soul.
He, long ago in envious mood
Was guilty of his brother's blood,
And struck him down with iron fork
In this same field, when both did work.
Where, with dark crime his soul he lost,
The murderer toils, an earthbound ghost.

PAMELA RIDLEY

Herr Crow bemoans Lord Waterlogged's Unappreciative attitude towards French composers.

Lord Waterlogged has little praise—
Alas!—for la musique française.
As "flippin' awful" he describes
The charming ballets of Delibes
And definitely can't applaud
Poulenc or Darius Milhaud
And even says he isn't fussy
About the works of Claude Debussy.
"Then there's that other flippin' 'Erbert,
Known to 'is pals as Jacky Ibert,"
And "Turn it up, that blinkin' shindy!"
(The symphonies of Vincent D'Indy),
And "Far too la-de-da, you bet"
(The operas of Jules Massenet).
In short, he hasn't one bon mot
To say about the "flippin'" lot.

RAY DAWSON

Upon the beetling cliffs of Dover
Behold, distraught, a poet lover
Watch from that ineffectual height
A bark in peril with her freight—

Her precious freight, both men and women,
One soul in chief—forfend the omen!
Though through those seas wind-wrought and rough
What mortal craft could safely plough?

She swims, she sinks, she swims: but yonder
Skyward the billows pile—small wonder
Our watcher trembles as with ague,
As one by fear fordone and plague.

Vain fearful watch! The black tornado
Whelms bark and freight without more ado.
Bereft he turns to houses, buses,
Lampposts, safe landward things. Weep, Muses.

R. J. P. HEWISON

WINNING GOLF

BYRON NELSON

A detailed analysis of the swing that won Byron Nelson the American Open Championship of 1939. "Deals with every aspect of grip, stance, swing and stroke play . . . . for every type of golfer."—*Evening News*. Illustrated with 85 action photographs.

12s. 6d.

MACDONALD

Just Published

THE TAILORS' CAKE

NOËL DEVAULX

From the French. "One cannot escape the vitality of the occasions or the distinction with which the stories are written." *Manchester Evening News*. 7/6 net

HEINE

FRANÇOIS FEJTÖ

A valuable new biography. Illustrated. 18/- net

THE NINE MEN OF SOHO

J. MACLAREN-ROSS

"Better, or more dire, pictures of the Bohemian extremity . . . are not I should imagine, to be found." *The Tatler*. 7/6 net

March 31

CROWN OF SHADOWS

RODOLFO USIGLI

A fascinating re-interpretation in the form of a play, of the tragic reign of Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico. 7/6 net

WINGATE

Three important books:

MY IMPRESSION OF INDIA

by

Reginald Sorensen, M.P.

now available, 10/6

HOUSING and the FAMILY

an indispensable contribution to the Housing Problem by

M. J. ELSAS

(the author makes use of unique material based on a survey by the Population Investigation Committee). Early April, 8/6

THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA

Nehru

limited reprint ready April 7

Write for List to

MERIDIAN BOOKS

8, Garrick St., W.C.2

Tantivy

FINE EDITIONS READY

1. A WRITER'S NOTEBOOK (*Anon.*), 9s. 6d. *New edition of the famous commentary by a distinguished man of letters.* (*Agate*:—"*Excellent.*")

2. COLLECTED POETICAL WORKS OF DONALD COWIE, *Vol.* 1, 256 *pp.*, 20*th. thousand*, 10s. 6d. *The new genius of English poetry, sale of whose work is the current phenomenon of this office.*

3. INDISCRETIONS OF AN INFANT, 50*th. thousand*, 9s., *and* TUBERS & TARADIDDLE, 6*th. luxury edition*, 8s., *Cowie's remarkable satirical extravaganzas.* ("*Something new in story-telling, devastating.*" — *Daily Mail.* "*Masterpiece of Wit.*"-*Telegraph.*)

4. CHASE ME A KIWI, *Aldwyn Abberley, enlarged edition*, 12s. 6d., *of book selling* 100's *weekly to would-be emigrants wanting facts about New Zealand.*

From TANTIVY PRESS
Malvern.

Appointments Vacant

UNIV. of London. Organising Tutors (men or women) reqd. for Tutorial Classes Ctee. Salary £600–£25–£850 (also Family Allowances). Particls. from Director of Dept. of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, W.C.1. Application should be made as soon as possible.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE Rural Community Council. Assistant Organising Secy., man/woman, reqd. to assist in general work of the Council. Administrative ability, knowledge of rural life and interest in Social and Educational problems essential. Ability to type an adv. It will be necessary for person appointed to undertake some evening work in the villages. Salary £350 p.a. Applics. accompanied by one recent testimonial and names of two refs. should be addressed to Secy. of the Council, 53 Abington St., Northampton, and should be recd. within next fifteen days. Envelopes to be marked "Asst. Organising Secretary."

DERBY Educ. Ctee. Derby School (Secondary Grammar—Boys). 1. Reqd. for April 15, Senior English Master responsible for organisation of English throughout School and to take considerable part of advanced work including Univ. Scholarship work. Ability to help with production of plays and Speech Trng. a recommendation. Sal., Burnham Award with Special Responsibility Allowance in accord. with qualifications. 2. Reqd. in Sept., Master to take Art throughout School, including work for School Cert. and possibly Higher Cert. Ability to assist with some other subject (particularly English, French/German) a recommendation. Sal., Burnham Scale. 3. Reqd. for Summer Term only English Master to teach English to School Cert. and Higher School Cert. standard. Temporary appointment. Salary, Burnham Scale. Applics. for above posts (no forms issued) stating age, qualifics., details of training, exp., etc., together with copies 3 recent testims., at once to C. Middleton, Director of Educ., Educ. Offs., Council Hse., Corporation St. Derby.

QUEEN'S University of Belfast. Applics. invited for a Lectureship in French. Salary £500 rising to £625 with possible extension to £800 p.a., with pension under F.S.S.U. Successful candidate will begin duty on October 1. Ten copies of applics. should reach undersigned by April 15. Further partics. may be obtained from Richard H. Hunter, Secretary.

WORKERS' Educ. Assocn., N. Western District, invite applics. for post of Organiser and Administrative Asst. Qualifics. must include knowledge and exp. of W.E.A. work. Salary £350 p.a. Full details and applic. form from E. A. Kirman, District Sec., W.E.A., 423 Oxford Rd. Manchester, 13.

UNIV. College of Swansea. Council of College invites applics. for post of Housekeeper-caterer at Beck Hall of Residence for Women Students; person appointed specially respons. under Warden for catering, organisation of kitchen, service of meals. Domestic science training pref. Sal. £200 p.a. with board and res. in the Hall. Further partics. from, and applics. by April 5 to Registrar, Univ. College, Singleton Park, Swansea.

PRACTICAL Working Manageress reqd. end of April for School Canteen serving 240 pupils and staff mid-day meals. Exp. of planning menus and buying and knowledge of M.O.F. regulations and forms essential. Supervise four other staff. Five-day week and full school holidays. Salary according to qualifics. and exp. Write fully in first instance to Secy., King Alfred School, Golders Green.

Appointments Vacant—continued

EDUCATED woman, with organising ability, wanted for younger depts. in Co-educ. Day Preparatory School. Res. post. Bygs. and week-ends free. Oakend School, Gerrards Cross.

FROEBEL Teacher reqd. for 6-year-old group at Odam Hill School, Children's Farm, Runnamsleigh, S. Molton. Also nursery teacher. Would suit mother with own child between 3 and 10.

JUNIOR House, Friends' School, Saffron Walden, Essex. Matron-Housekeeper and Assistant Matron reqd. for April. 14 children, boys and girls 8-10 years. Some out-of-school supervision. No sick nursing. Apply with references to Miss Barrie.

SUMMER and Easter Holidays, Odam Hill Children's Farm, Runnamsleigh, S. Molton, reqs. holiday assistants—domestic, assistant matrons and group leaders. Parents with children over 5 welcomed.

COMMON Ground, Ltd., 12 Sydney Place, S.W.7, makers of educational film strips, req. young journalist to prepare material on contemporary subjects, e.g. series "Men at Work." Some ability to visualise essential as will be reqd. to work with photographic unit. Sal. £350–500 p.a.

WANTED for W. Scotland, two friends, one secretary (shd. hand-typing pref., slight political/lit. exp.), the other cook housekeeper (intermittent local help rough wk.), 2 bedrms., sit. rm. and use bath and kitch., sep. house, mod. cons. but rather remote. Scot or N. country, used country life pref. Might manage child. Write: Mitchison, Carradale, Campbeltown, Argyll.

CARETAKERS wanted—married couple or mother and daughter offered to live small furn. house, rent free, in return care of house and garden. Family visit occasional week-ends. S. Coast. Highest refs. reqd. King, Hast Hill, Hayes, Kent.

CAVENDISH Secretarial Service, 13 Princes St. Cavendish Sq. W.1. All office staff supplied and wanted. Also copying of professional, literary, foreign and business papers. Duplicating. High standard. MAYfair 2772.

SECRETARIES, Bookkprs., S./Typs., Tels., Clerks, etc., promptly placed. No charge to staff. Expert Temp. Sh./Typs., and Telephonists available. Fine's Agency, 95a Praed St. W. Padd. 1323 (eight lines).

GOOD Secretaries supplied and wanted. Women's Empl. (Agency), Slo. 1992.

Appointments Wanted

COMPANY Secretary, 47, married, no children, offers his service as private secretary in return for living accomm. and reasonable sal. This advertisement is addressed to landowners, business magnates, politicians, etc., to whom the advertiser could become an invaluable aid. Box PS.932, Deacon's Advertising, 36 Leadenhall St. E.C.3.

ORGANISER and Executive (Male) International Social work for refugee children and distressed persons. Wide field experience all countries Europe during past eleven years. Recently demobilised from Army to find, owing absence, active service career disorganised, would like knowledge openings similar or suitable work please. Box 5774.

EX-Serviceman, 33, studying for London deg., urg. needs clerical employment (full/part-time), pref. with scope for literary interests. 12 years Local Govt. Box 5746.

LADY desires secretarial post with responsibility, interviewing, wide experience, travelled. Would consider post overseas or occasional travel. Box 5859.

Appointments Wanted—continued

SECRETARY with good speeds, expd. in political work, reqs. post. Box 5837.

MAN, 30, graduate, Divisional Labour Party Treasurer at 27, returning from abroad wd. welcome suggestions regarding permanent employment which would utilise his early faith and the exp. and organising ability that, now applied to high level personnel and admin. projects, earn £1,250 p.a. Box 6159.

YOUNG Woman, 7 yrs. sec. exp., desires evg./part-time work, if poss. Literary/journalistic/social/polit. interests, also translations. Exc. refs., Lond. Box 5885.

ACTIVE educated woman (49) with domestic training and exp. requires, in April, responsible post. Reasonable sal. Box 5884.

PERSONAL Secretary, 32, highly qualified, admin. exp., fluent Fr., skg. change. Interested in work of political, journalistic, literary nature. Good organiser. High speeds. With present employers 14 years. Box 5876.

INTELLIGENT yng. woman reqs. interesting pvt. sec. post, Lond. No Sats. Box 5855.

YNG. woman journalist, Eng., French, Ger., Italian, exp. sec. work, trav. widely, skg. int. post overseas. Box 5833.

ENTERPRISING young man, 23, public school education, recently demobbed, skg. progressive post with journalistic or literary background. Ability as organiser and correspondent. Can type. Box 5832.

YNG. lady, 21, B.A. (Lond.) reqs. interesting post connected theatre or literature but willing consider anything. Shorthand typist, capable of initiative. 265 Nether St. N.3.

CAMBRIDGE M.A. wants work in or near Cambridge, age 38, wide interests. Social service preferred but any worthwhile job considered. Box 5818.

YOUNG man, knowledge English, French, German, some shthand.-typing, exp. in Travel Agency work, seeks interesting and congenial employment in London. Box 5801.

BANK Clerk, 26, seeks a progressive post of more interest. Land exp. during war, also exp. in Local Government (corresp. and accts.) Typing. Exempt matric. Widely read. Literary and artistic interests. Box 5796.

LADY, ex-M.T.C., 28, reqs. an interesting post either resident/otherwise. Intelligent and attractive, any suggestions welcome. Box 5788.

PERSONAL Secy. reqs. interesting post London or abroad. Used to responsibility and working on own initiative. Interests literary and political (Conservative). Box 5782.

Scholarships

BLUNDELL'S School. Scholarship Examination June 10, 11 and 12, 1947. Three £100 scholarships; three £60 scholarships; exhibitions of £50, £40 and £30. Full partics. from Headmaster, Blundell's School, Tiverton.

Typing

DUPLICATING promptly and efficiently executed.—Javelin Supplies Co., 8 Priory Way, North Harrow, Middx. Pinner 4542.

MSS. copy typing of any description expediently and expertly carried out. Phone Mountview 5048.

TYPEWRITING, Duplicating, etc., all descriptions promptly and accurately executed. M.L.W., Moo Abri, Langley Grove, New Malden. MAL. 1918.

WESTMINSTER Secretariat will undertake shorthand-typing, copy-typing and duplicating at current rates. Neat, accurate work promptly executed. Parliamentary work a speciality. Messenger. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St. S.W.1. ABBey 2214.

Accommodation—Vacant and Wanted

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3 *gns.* Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI 1930.

FURNISHED room, breakfast, baths, heating in professional man's flat, W.C., 4 *gns.* p.w. Box 5856.

SOCIALIST worker (female) offers accommodation in six-roomed, central-heated flat facing Wimbledon Common, from May 5. Suitable for single woman. Box 5597.

TO let, furn. room w. board in Cotswolds. High altit., country house, £4 p.w. Garage, all mod. con. 23 miles Oxford. Suit anyone loving freedom and privacy. Box 5759.

SHARE bung. Porthcawl, suitable one lady, 2 furn. rms., all convs., moderate. Box 5754.

COMFORTABLE home offered to car-owner, Somerset. Mutual terms. Box 5653.

FLAT with garden (Hampstead), exchange quiet flat central London; 3 rooms, kitch., bath. Box 5893.

ATTRACTIVE 5-room house for sale, Hampstead Gdn. Sub., in part exch. for 3-5-room flat, centrally situated. Box 4633.

BACHELOR ex-R.A.F. Officer, 30, professional photographer, requires somewhere to live, accessible central London while waiting for flat. Consider any reasonable arrangement. Box 5862.

SCHOOLMASTER & wife req. unf. acc. W. Lon., nr. Piccadilly Line. Box 5858.

DANISH Univ. Lecturer (Univ. College, London) wants urgently to rent (or buy) unfurn. or partly furn. house in London/Home Counties fr. May/June, 5 rms. min. Write Mr. Elias Bredsdorff, Vincent Hse. W.2.

DOCTOR (Hospital appointment) requires before April 1, furn. or unfurn. house/flat (min. 2 bedrms.). Reasonable rental, responsible tenants. Box 5769.

MUSICAL ex-soldier, wife and Bechstein (all upright) seek unfurn. accom. London dist. Reply early avoid disappointment. Newnham, "Copperfield," Walpole Ave. Chipstead, Surrey. Downland 1159.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

BEXHILL-on-Sea. Cosmos House, Park Rd. Private hotel, h. and c. rooms, central heating, comfort and good food. From 5 *gns.* Apply special winter terms. 2 mins. Pavilion, 1 min. sea. Tel. Bexhill 2270.

SUSSEX. 1½ hours from Charing Cross. Crowhurst Park Hotel and Country Club. Central heating. Home produce. Informal atmosphere. Special attention for Convalescents; rough shooting; riding. From 5 *gns.* 'Phone Battle 325.

DELIGHTFULLY situated within easy reach of London. Country Hotel amidst Surrey pines. Holidays and week-ends. Hot and cold in all rooms. Morris Lodge Hotel, Gong Hill, Farnham. Phone Frensham 362.

LADY offers accom. in pleasant house in Minster, Sheppey, to guest needing restful holiday. Reasonable charges. Box 5725.

IDEAL Holidays on the South Coast, Aldrington Lodge, 26 Portland Avenue, Hove, 3. Full board, 3½ *gns.* weekly. Now booking. Please reserve early.

MEVAGISSEY, Cornwall. Pentillie Guest House. Own fruit and vegetables. Non-vegetarian. Garage. Tel. 221.

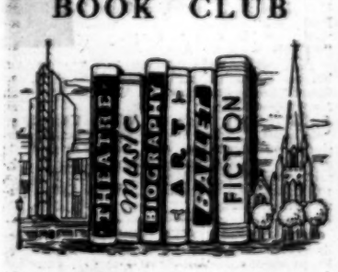
T. A. LAYTON sells Wine. Try a glass at Layton's Wine Room, 22, Duke St. W.1 (by Manchester Sq.), Welbeck 8808 and 1864. We deliver.

NEAR Sadler's Wells, Ballerina Rest, 199 Rosebery Avenue. Lunch, tea, dinner.

London's new Bookshop and Library

All the best of the latest books, a well-informed service and a library that is available to London *and out-of-London* subscribers—there you have the Bodkin Book Club. Please write for the Library Prospectus to the

BODKIN BOOK CLUB



7a, Kensington Church Street, W.8. (just round the corner from Barker's by St. Mary Abbots Church).

HEFFER'S OF CAMBRIDGE

The Bookshop known the world over

ENGLISH & FOREIGN NEW & SECONDHAND

Buyers of Fine, Rare and Scholarly Books

Catalogues issued

W. HEFFER & SONS LTD

Petty Cury · Cambridge

HELP CENTRE for the DEAF

If you know of any deaf person who needs advice, you would be giving valuable help by introducing the services of The National Institute for the Deaf. Highly trained workers offer free advice on hearing aids, social, educational, industrial problems, lip-reading instruction, etc.

The Secretary will be glad to answer enquiries by letter, telephone and interview.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE for the DEAF

105, Gower St., London, W.C.1 Tel.: Euston 4750

(Supported by Voluntary Subscriptions)

TOO YOUNG TO SUFFER

My mummy did it

from an actual photograph

What would you do? Should the mother have a second chance? Is it safe to leave the child for another week.....? N.S.P.C.C. inspectors often have difficult, worrying decisions to make, on which the whole future of a young life may depend. The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children only prosecuted in 1,160 cases out of 41,720 investigated last year. It tries to rebuild family life wherever it possibly can.

PLEASE SEND SOMETHING TO THE

N·S·P·C·C

4 VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQ., LONDON, W.C.2, OR TO ANY LOCAL OFFICE

Donations or legacies gratefully received

How do YOU spell

ecconomy-economy-econnomy?

As a pipe smoker you spell it out carefully and slowly—'T-H-R-E-E N-U-N-S'. Cunningly cut, each ounce of this tobacco lasts you longer, saves you money. Not without good reason has it been called 'the tobacco of curious cut'.

Three Nuns

EMPIRE BLEND (*A blend of Empire & other choice tobaccos*) 2/7½ AN OUNCE

ORIGINAL 2/10½ AN OUNCE

'The Vicar's Choice'

Issued by Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

TN470